

The

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**The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth**



Lieutenant-Colonel L. V. S. Blacker, O.B.E., the Chief Observer, Squadron Leader Lord Clydesdale, Air Commodore Fellowes, D.S.O., Leader and Chief Pilot, and . . .

## HEROES OF EVEREST

"Wings Over Everest" the film that records for ever the brave adventure of the Houston-Everest Flight has been received with unanimous enthusiasm by the Press. It ranks among the epics of adventure and the patriotic zeal of Lady Houston who financed the flight has been rewarded by a triumph which has marvellously reinforced British prestige in India.

Critics remark that the film contains some of the loveliest aerial photography ever seen and insist upon the "magnificent and awe-inspiring vista of the ice-bound peaks" that represent "the Roof of the World." One paper observes that it marks a peak both in exploration and in cinematography.

Fifteen months have passed since Lady Houston cabled to the Viceroy:

**Lady Houston sends greetings to His Excellency Lord Willingdon, Viceroy of India, and begs him of his graciousness to receive members of the Houston Expedition on their arrival in India to wish them good luck and give them his blessing.**

Lord Willingdon cabled in reply:—

**Will be delighted to receive members of the Expedition so generously financed by you and wish them God speed on their great adventure.**

Now "Wings Over Everest" provides ocular proof to all how noble was the enterprise that ended in the conquest of the Highest Mountain of the Earth.



. . . S. R. Bonnett, Cameraman, Colonel P. T. Etherton, the Honorary Organising Secretary, and Flying-Officer D. McIntyre.

## Notes of the Week

### A Rhyme of the Time

An old nursery rhyme which the children love to sing exactly fits the popular idea of how America should be answered about the War Debt.

Oranges and lemons,  
Said the bells of St. Clements.  
You owe me five farthings,  
Said the bells of St. Martins,  
When will you pay me,  
Said the bells of Old Bailey,  
When I grow rich,  
Said the bells of Shoreditch,  
When will that be?  
Said the big bell of Lee,  
I DO NOT KNOW,  
Said the bell of Slow.

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### The Right Solution

Consternation in Geneva. The latest discussions on Disarmament have dragged on with no life, and revealing merely the grave rift between Great Britain and France on the question of disarmament and security. Mr. Henderson has threatened to resign and the state of the political barometer at Geneva is stormy. As it is evident that nothing useful can be obtained by further discussions, the wisest plan would be to accept Mr. Henderson's resignation and wind up the Commission forthwith. We are making more enemies than friends at Geneva.

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### Security First

Poor Mr. Henderson is understood to have said at Geneva early in the week that things were worse with the Disarmament Conference, meaning thereby that all attempts to infuse even a semblance of life into the corpse were not likely to succeed. The reason is obvious—the Conference is dead. It is more honest to say that straight out than to keep on talking of the "continued deadlock at Geneva," as if it was possible to find a way out of the *impasse*. The cleavage between France and Germany persists, and it is the French insistence on security first, and not disarmament, that now holds the field. In our view, quite rightly, putting armament first was putting the cart before the horse, surely? To change the figure, a strong man armed may make some concession, but a man disarmed can offer nothing but an easy target.

We are told that our Government does not desire to have security discussed, its one aim being to get Germany back to the Conference, but how in the world is that to be achieved, if achieved at all, without a lengthy adjournment of the Conference? Why is our Government so anxious to please Germany?

### Groups Take Position

Last week's clash between Sir John Simon and M. Barthou, and what has since occurred at Geneva, have acted like a chemical reagent in precipitating something in the nature of a Plan of Security on the part of those States which feel they are likely to be attacked, namely, France, the Little Entente, Soviet Russia, Turkey and the Balkan countries. Such a plan would inevitably resolve itself into an open or disguised system of alliances founded on military strength. At first France toyed with the idea, but her second thoughts suggested that if she gained the support of Soviet Russia, she might have to abandon that co-operation with England on which, broadly speaking, her foreign policy has so long been based. That gave her pause.

None the less groupings of the Powers *vis-à-vis* Germany are already in existence far more than theoretically, and some crystallisation into a large and definite Pact of Security, on the basis of armaments and not of disarmament, is very much on the cards.

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### The Saar Agreement

The Franco-German Agreement on the conditions of the plebiscite to determine the future of the Saar looks on the face of it to be a good thing, but though it has been welcomed generally in France, some very serious doubts are expressed there regarding the efficacy of the guarantees it provides for the protection of the opponents of the Nazis in the district. The news of outrages which took place on Sunday at Saarbrücken and Saarlouis is ominous, unfortunately, of what may and probably will happen if the plebiscite should go in favour of Germany. What is likely to be the fate of those who have publicly stated they were the enemies of the existing system? Everybody knows how such men in the Reich itself have been victimised. It is not in the least probable, we fear, that we have heard the last of the Saar.

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### The Plebiscite Puzzle

Everybody is relieved that France and Germany are at least agreed on the question of the date of the Saar plebiscite, namely, next January. If there is a clean and calm plebiscite allowed by Germany, nobody can doubt that the people of the Saar will vote for rejoining Germany, or rather they would have voted for rejoining Germany before the Nazi Revolution. The plain facts are that the majority of the Saar population are Germans, and speak the German language; but, at the same time, the truth has to be faced that there is a very large German Roman Catholic population, especially among the miners, at whose back there must be reckoned the force of Rome. Some of the Germans, I mean the old-fashioned

Germans, are a peaceful and industrial people, who only want to be left alone to carry on their daily avocation. It is, however, by no means clear that such a population would willingly place itself under the domination of Hitler, Goering and Goebels; in fact, there is every possibility that if left to themselves they would prefer to remain under the Committee of the League of Nations, with Knox as their president. It is hardly conceivable that they will adopt the third solution, namely, to vote for their affiliation with France. Presumably the question of the great wealth of the Saar in coal and iron will be settled amicably between the Germans and the French; but there still remains the greater question of under whose rule the population is to live. And that must be very largely a question of canvassing, and nobody can pronounce a decided opinion, though everybody agrees that the settlement of this vexed question will remove one, at least, of the most dangerous questions in European politics.

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#### Bluffed by Russia

Perhaps equally dangerous, though far more ludicrous, is the fact that Europe is now led by Litvinoff, who is trying to persuade the powers of Central Europe that Russia is the ally of the future. This is very clever diplomacy, though I can hardly believe that either the French or the Germans will yield themselves to the lures of Litvinoff. The most useful part that Russia could play in the world's history to-day is that Japan should engage her in a war. I fail to perceive how Russia can be useful to any European power as an ally. We seem to be making the same mistake as was made in 1904 and 1914, that, namely, of exaggerating the power of Russia from a military or naval point of view. Twice has Russia imposed upon the world by mere numbers the belief that she is the key to the peace and balance of power in Europe, and twice has Europe been disappointed.

England ought never to have allied herself with Russia in the late war. I suppose that we only did it because we could not help ourselves, France and Russia having already entered into an alliance. Let us shake off this illusion about the power of Russia. As an Asiatic power, Russia may be formidable, because of her geographical position; as a European power, Russia is, and will always remain, a negligible quality. The truth is that the Russians are a nation of inefficients, and therefore not to be feared. Russia builds aeroplanes for which she cannot supply pilots. This fear of Russia is a bugbear, a nightmare. She may build as many aeroplanes as she likes but she cannot fly them. She can build submarines, but she cannot use them. A British air fleet of much smaller numbers will put to rout any Russian air fleet simply because we know how to fight in the air and the Russians don't. A nation which starves

and enslaves and imprisons the greater part of its population is never to be feared. This was proved in two big wars recently, and I am astonished that such clever people as the French, the Germans, and the Italians should be taken in by a nation of such murderers, liars and thieves as the Russians. If it had not been for the imbecility of its Ministers, and the profligacy and corruption of its nobles, the Czar would now be on the throne of the Romanoffs. The Czar fell, not because he was wicked, but because he was weak, and because he was embarrassed, like Louis the Sixteenth, by a stupid wife.

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#### The Third International

This, as is well known, is the other name of the Soviet Government, though it denies it. What is not so well known is that this International is about to hold in Moscow a new world congress, at which it is expected that about 2,000 revolutionary leaders drawn from all parts of the globe will be present, and consider a plan that has been elaborated for active warfare in other lands, but more particularly in Fascist States, which are, of course, anathema to Communists. Considering the present Bolshevik activities in India, it is useless to say that the Third International is not a highly dangerous organisation. It does a great deal more than talk. And yet Litvinoff has the colossal impudence to go up and down Europe making non-aggression pacts and to pose at Geneva as a man of peace. Is he not himself a member of the Third International?

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#### France's Armaments

Since we wrote on this subject fuller particulars have been published respecting the French Government's Bill for the provision of additional military expenditure to the total of nearly 3,000 million francs. Of special interest is the huge sum allocated to Air, approximately a thousand million francs or about £12,700,000 at current rates. This is a much larger amount than is assigned to the Navy, and it represents the first instalment of the programme of General Denain, the Air Minister. In a speech before the Finance Committee of the Chamber he outlined the complete reorganisation of the Air Ministry and Air Staff. He said that as a result of French air policy since the War, France was in a state of inferiority compared with certain countries.

He stated that German civil aviation had been built up on military lines and was definitely "aggressive." French planes were slower and could serve only for defence. Fresh point was given to his remarks by the fact that Germany was, even as he spoke, carrying on an intensive Air Propaganda Week under the leadership of Goering, with the slogan, "The German people must be a nation of fliers." What about it, Mr. Baldwin?



### Battle of the Bridges

It is high time that the battle of the bridges should cease, not only because it has become a bore, but because a City like London should make up its mind how it wants to cross the Thames. The House of Commons has, I am delighted to see, at last taken heart of grace, and put the London County Council in its proper place. It has shown that Mr. Herbert Morrison is not going to have his own way, and cannot over-ride and trample on the House of Commons. By a majority, the House has given its decided opinion that the most beautiful bridge on the Embankment, built by Rennie more than 100 years ago as a memorial of our victory at Waterloo, shall not be destroyed, and replaced by a new bridge.

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### On the Rates

Of course, Parliament cannot prevent the London County Council building a new bridge and pulling down the old one; but if this should happen it will have to be at the cost of London's ratepayers, and not at the cost of the tax-payers. If Mr. Herbert Morrison feels equal to raising a new rate for the construction of a new bridge, by all means let him do so. It will lose his Party many hundreds of votes. Unfortunately, Mr. Oliver Stanley, who is now the Minister of Transport, has declared himself to be on the side of the new bridge enthusiasts, and has given us to understand that he, notwithstanding his previous vote on the subject, would be prepared to give the London County Council a grant from the Treasury towards the expense. Luckily for us taxpayers, who are also ratepayers, the London County Council can do nothing without an Act of Parliament, which, in view of the division last week, they are not likely to get.

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### Fifty Years Ago

Fifty years ago, in the year 1888, when the Local Government Act was passed, I foresaw the great danger of the conflict between such a body as the London County Council and the House of Commons. My prediction has come true, and at last there is a definite clash between the House of Commons and the London County Council. Let us remember that the majority which the Socialists have gained on the London County Council was not won by the question of a new bridge at Waterloo, but by the multiplicity of other questions, such as slum clearance, and a new bridge at Charing Cross. As an economist and a ratepayer, I am in favour of a suspension bridge, which I think is a graceful structure and more in keeping with our present financial position, which in London, at all events, might easily become dangerous if a policy of extravagance was embarked upon.

### The Last Straw

There is a ghastly rumour to the effect that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's name may be put forward as a suitable candidate for one of the seats for Oxford University at the next General Election. If the Committee of the Oxford University Conservative Association think it would be inadvisable to nominate two Conservatives in place of Lord Hugh Cecil and Sir Chas. Oman, it is perhaps in the spirit of modern Oxford. But it is inconceivable that Oxford should offer a harbour of refuge to the Wandering Scot of Lossiemouth, whom even Seaham Harbour repudiates to-day. It would be the very last straw. Rumour says that he is alternatively trying to get accepted as one of the representatives of the City of London. Except in International Finance his name is mud, and if the City Fathers dared propose Mr. MacDonald as a representative in the City they would undoubtedly arouse a perfect hurricane of rage. If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's five years of Premiership has left him tired and worn out, he would do wise to take Mr. Baldwin's advice and recollect that the span of a Prime Minister's life should not exceed five years.

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### Bread and Water

Man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority, just at the moment when he is boasting that he has obtained the scientific command over Nature, finds himself checked and defied by one natural force, which he has never been able to control—namely, the weather. Nature has come to the rescue of politicians and the militarists, for water is as necessary to an army as bread, and, if there is really going to be a severe drought all over the world, war becomes impossible. With all our meteorologists, we have never been able to predict the course of the weather for even two or three days ahead. It appears, if one can judge from the newspapers, that we are threatened with a universal drought—in Canada, in Australia, in the Argentine, there is everywhere the same threatened shortage of water, and consequently of crops. We are in no danger of being starved, because various Governments have had the sense to lay up large stores of grain, and, besides, man does not live by bread alone. Water is really more necessary than corn, and one cannot help thinking that a strict emergency law should be passed to restrict the washing of motor cars, and the watering of gardens. At Maidstone, for instance, the drought is so severe (or the patriotism of its citizens is so self-sacrificing) that I learn that the inhabitants are limited to one bath a week, and that only three inches deep! However, as I say, we are practically at the mercy of the weather, although no one can doubt that a drought following on last year's dry summer would bring incalculable mischief.



# Wings Over Everest (Clipped!)

## A Conspiracy of Silence

By KIM

**L**AST night I visited the latest West End Cinema, the Curzon, to see the film "Wings Over Everest," the picture of the record and inspiring flight over Mount Everest, in which Lord Clydesdale and other distinguished aviators took part.

The film as a spectacle is splendid. The observer, sitting comfortably in the plush stalls of the theatre may be pardoned if he feels that he is also taking part in the great adventure which led to the conquest of Mount Everest. From the moment that the first resolution was come to by the subsequent members of the Expedition to attempt this great and necessarily expensive flight and to make it practicable the great obstacle was money. The six men concerned in the scheme met. Who had the breadth of vision, the love of the Empire, the public spirit to assist a bold and daring plan as an ideal, and, moreover, the ability to finance it? *Instinctively they thought together of one name, Lady Houston!*

### For the Prestige of Britain

Lord Clydesdale was deputed to place the scheme before her, and in the film we see a motor car tearing along the roads in Inverness-shire to her ladyship's Scottish seat, to try their luck. We see Lord Clydesdale received in her bedroom, and we see and hear her reception of the proposal. "What appeals to me," says Lady Houston, "is the chance to prove to the native races of India that British men are not decadent, despite the attitude of some politicians." If I have not got the words exact, they are the gist of the reasons which inspired Lady Houston to give a large sum to Lord Clydesdale for the purposes of the flight, for the greatness and prestige of Britain and to install the valour of her men.

The picture certainly gives Lady Houston the credit she is entitled to, and, it should be added that at the very commencement of the picture a photograph is shown on the screen when the announcer says that the Houston-Mount Everest flight was rendered possible by the action of six men and one woman—Lady Houston. I mention this purposely.

The picture shows the preparation for the great flight. The building of the two giant planes, each various part, tests, the assembling, preliminaries, flight, the voyage across to Karachi, the flight over India, arrival at the base 100 miles from Mount Everest, the vexatious and worrying delays for over a month owing to adverse weather and the sudden resolution to accomplish the flight. Then we obtain magnificent cloud-scapes, with here and there a glimpse of the vast bulk of the mountain, its ghastly chasms, and the goal be-

yond. The two planes cross over unknown heights well aware that one slip in that rarefied atmosphere and they will plunge to inevitable destruction thirty thousand feet below. There are incidents of a thrilling nature, one in which the film operator tears his oxygen tube and except for the presence of mind to tie it up with his handkerchief in a temperature 50 deg. below zero, would have died through inability to breathe. There are the natives at work in the fields, throwing down their implements and rushing to gaze on the intrepid aviators, who are adding to the laurels of Britain. Last but not least there is the amusing and characteristic reply of Lord Clydesdale, who, when the flight was achieved and when the machines returned safely to the aerodrome, asked breathlessly by Air-Commodore Fellowes how they had succeeded, said laconically in two words: "All right."

The film as a spectacle and story should achieve great success. It should be on view all over the country, and throughout the British Empire. As far as it goes it is admirable but one or two incidents in the history of the Expedition have been cut out for no apparent reason. The Viceroy himself received the members of the Houston-Mount Everest Expedition and it was not only filmed but well filmed. Why has it been deleted from the picture?

### Reasons for Flight

Indeed, when one comes to think of it, there are several peculiarities about this "Wings Over Everest" which should be taken in conjunction with so many efforts made by "The Times" to suppress all possible mention of Lady Houston's participation in the flight, as though, having benefited by her monetary aid, they grudgingly wanted to ignore her because, it must be assumed, she was inspired solely by patriotic motives, who helped the cause as pro-British propaganda, and opposed utterly to the scuttle tactics of the Government in regard to India, which are supported in the most partisan manner by Major Astor and "The Times." I still recollect their shabby conduct in regard to the luncheon given by Major Astor to the members of the Expedition, when he deliberately suppressed Lady Houston's letter. In this letter she said: "When I promised Lord Clydesdale that I would finance this Great Adventure—and he went forth like Jack the Giant Killer—to conquer Everest, many people said, 'Why does she do it?'"

Then Lady Houston gave her reasons—suppressed by Major Astor of which I give an extract:

My reason was this—a relation of mine had just come home from India and three days after

she left—her nearest neighbour was murdered. This sort of thing I was told is alas—not unusual now in India. I asked "Why?"—and the answer I got was—that since agitators have been permitted to preach treason it has made the people of India think that we Britons have lost our courage—and that they had better therefore stand in with these others.

This made me feel that some great deed of heroism might rouse India and make them remember that though they are of a different Race—they are British Subjects—under the King of England—who is Emperor of India—and *what more can they want?*

Now, when we recall these matters, it is not so strange perhaps that the reception of the Expedition by the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, has been dropped from the picture. This official reception would have given the Expedition an importance and an interest, which might have caused people to ask "Why is it that these brave men, Lord Clydesdale and his friends have had no public acknowledgment at all of their successful feat?" It might be said that had he wished the Prime Minister could have well recommended them for inclusion in the Birthday Honours. Are British heroes not worthy of honour in the eyes of a Prime Minister?

Again, a great responsibility rests on the Gaumont British Co., who have produced the film

picture. If they wish, Gaumont-British Co. can show "Wings Over Everest" on their circuit theatres without the least hesitation or risk of loss. The film critics praise it with enthusiasm. Audiences at the Curzon pour in and watch it with breathless interest. The extraordinary interest taken in this stirring patriotic film shows that it ought to be broadcast throughout London, the Provinces and the Empire. It must be shown to the public unable to attend this particular house and who want to see it. The Provinces must not be deprived of the opportunity. It is doubtful if steps have been taken to exhibit it in India and in other parts of the Empire, where audiences would surely prefer it to the sort of average flap-doodle of purely ephemeral sex stuff and the rest, with American affinities.

In short, there seems to have been a conspiracy of silence in regard to the making of the Mount Everest film as far as was possible. The only actual filming of Lady Houston was re-inserted after pressure was brought. It would be interesting to know who stands behind this matter, and why there appears to be a deliberate intention of boycotting Lady Houston? Is the explanation that she is intensely patriotic and pro-British and has given offence to those whose strange mentality is of a very different nature?

A conspiracy of silence!—against a woman because of her PATRIOTISM.

# The Don Juan of Chelsea

## Sir Samuel Hoare's Broken Pledges

By Ian D. Colvin

WHEN Sir Samuel Hoare was Secretary of State for Air he was observed by Lord Carson and a friend walking down the Mall with his head very much in the element which he was supposed to control. "There," said Carson, "goes Sammy Hoare, and I'll bet he is at this moment congratulating God Almighty on having him in charge of the firmament."

"Sammy" is now, no doubt, congratulating an inscrutable Providence on being in charge of 360 millions or so of his Indian fellow-creatures. He has been to India once in an aeroplane—for a week-end—so that it would be easy to over-rate his knowledge; but it would be dangerous to under-rate the disastrous assiduity with which he is carrying out the general policy of the White Paper.

When everyone else failed him, he himself occupied the Joint Committee I forget how many days answering I forget how many thousands of questions on a subject of which he thinks himself a complete master. His method is simple, but dialectically effective: being a pure politician himself, he has reduced India to a purely political question.

That vast sub-Continent is no longer (like Europe) a congeries of jarring races and nations, alien to one another, of different religions and languages, charged with dangerous animosities, divided by diverse interests, to be governed expertly with infinite precaution: it has become a simple problem in democracy: so many provinces, so many parliaments (with one over all); so many communities, so many seats; so many minorities, so much "weightage"; so many heads, so many votes: all worked out very neatly on arithmetical lines so that it can be conveniently expounded by a politician who knows nothing else (that is to say nothing at all) of India.

How entirely India is, for the Secretary of State, a political problem was revealed the other night in a speech which he made to the Women's Branch of the Chelsea Conservative Association. To these good ladies he explained his conception of India as "one of the great Dominions;" just as these Dominions had "obtained self-Government," so Indians wished and must be given "a greater share in their administration."

Anyone who questioned this simple proposition was an "extreme" or a "dangerous" "reactionary."

I wonder if the ladies of Chelsea paused to reflect that the Dominions are chiefly small communities of our own race and tradition (or in Canada or South Africa two races nearly allied) to whom a Parliamentary is the national form of government, who are moreover literate in the one or two languages (English, French and Dutch) which they speak. There is, in fact, no similarity in the two cases: India has many and different races, speaking different languages, and not one of them has ever practised what we call popular government. Moreover, not five per cent. of these people could read the names on the ballot papers, or could understand why and wherefore they were asked to vote.

#### Avoiding the Issue

But that is only the beginning of the difference between the two cases. Sir Samuel Hoare says that "India" "asks" for self-government. There is no such thing as "India" in a political sense, nor did it ever "ask" for anything.

There is, indeed, "Congress," which Lord Willingdon has called the only effective political party in India. It is a party representing a hundred thousand or so western-educated Hindus: the Mahomedans have no share in it. But Congress has not "asked" for self-government: it has demanded complete independence with repudiation of foreign debt. If it be British policy to give what Congress "asks," then we must withdraw from India altogether for Congress asks nothing less.

The Swaraj Party, which is the political end of Congress, is agitating against the White Paper.

Apart from Congress, no party or race or community in India has ever asked for anything in the nature of self-government for India, nor could they ask for such a thing since they do not understand what it means, nor would they like it if they understood it.

When Sir Samuel Hoare says, therefore, that India asks for self-government he deceives the ladies of Chelsea. India has never asked for self-government; our enemies in India demand that we leave India. That is really the proposition. Sir Samuel Hoare has never faced that naked issue: neither has Mr. Baldwin although he lays claim to be a blunt and an honest man.

If they were to put the case frankly before their constituencies they would say: our enemies in India demand that we leave India; we propose to satisfy that demand by handing over to them all the departments of Government except three: Foreign Affairs, the Army and the Ecclesiastical Department.

If the White Paper policy were put in that naked way, it would be more blunt and more honest; but I doubt if it would commend itself even to the sympathetic and yielding bosom of feminine Chelsea.

A nation will never conciliate its enemies by giving them something less than and something different from what they demand. The ladies

of Chelsea will find that lesson taught very clearly in the second volume of Lord Lloyd's book "Egypt since Cromer." They will also find it even more plainly stated in the present position of the Irish Free State.

Sir Samuel Hoare, like a political Don Juan, is deceiving the ladies of Chelsea. In order to open the eyes of these dames to the danger of his addresses let me venture to remind them of his past infidelities. On the 30th June, 1931, he addressed the Central Council of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations in London and in Mr. Baldwin's name accepted a resolution on the essential conditions of Government policy in India.

In the course of that speech Sir Samuel Hoare said:

They could not again be faced with the kind of situation with which they were faced in those years after the war, when suddenly one morning they woke up to find that an Irish settlement—he was not now blaming those who made it—had been virtually made without the country, or the party, having the chance to discuss the details.

That is a passage worth bearing in mind. If the ladies of Chelsea do not want to wake up one morning to find themselves betrayed, let them take good note of it, and of what followed.

Sir Samuel Hoare, who spoke, remember, on behalf of the leaders of the Conservative Party (including honest Mr. Baldwin), went on to say that the interests they had to safeguard in India were stated in detail in what is known as the Irwin Dispatch of 20th September, 1930 (Cmd. 3,700). Now on page 14 of that dispatch we find a list of vital subjects of which "in our opinion the ultimate control. . . must in present conditions reside in the British Parliament."

On p. 203 these subjects are tabulated. They number in all eleven, whereas Sir Samuel Hoare now proposes to reserve only three.

The subjects then reserved and now proposed to be handed over include "conditions of internal security," that is to say police and magistracy, "the financial stability and credit of India and the fulfilment of existing obligations," the protection of minorities, the avoidance of unfair commercial discrimination, and the rights of the services.

Let the Conservative Party, like the stone statue, hold our political Don Juan firmly in the grip of that pledge to the Irwin Dispatch. Otherwise we shall lose India (and the next elections).

Direct subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.



## WE DID IT: By HAMADRYAD

Inspired by a perusal of the current number of *Popular Pictorial*, an intermittent organ produced with modest anonymity by the Conservative Central Office and devoted to the praise of the National Government.

All of the blessings that you befall,  
The food you eat and the house you rent,  
And the fact that you haven't got lockjaw—all  
Are due to the National Government.  
Able assisted, as all should know,  
By the first class brains of the C.C.O.

If rain is coming and rabbits are cheap,  
If the weather is fine and you're full of buck,  
If you've drawn a horse in the Irish Sweep,  
If Bradman or Ponsford are bowled for a duck,  
The National Government's done it—or so  
We are asked to believe by the C.C.O.

And in case you doubt what I have to say,  
If you find the order a wee bit tall,  
Direct your attentive gaze, I pray,  
To the *Popular (sic) Pictorial*,  
Which is sold for a penny (the price seems low)  
By the lyrical scribes of the C.C.O.

What don't we owe, you are asked to note,  
To Sticktight Stanley and Ramsay Mac.  
Whose efforts are keeping the ship afloat,  
And bringing prosperity's noonday back,  
Assisted, of course, by the artless flow  
Of pictorial tripe from the C.C.O.

Who was it won us the Schneider Cup,  
When Ramsay (still Socialist) made demur?  
Lady Houston? Oh, she stumped up,  
But one really can't mention the likes of her,  
So we'll call it a National Government show,  
Like that priceless liar, the C.C.O.

Who was it, pledged to the cause of flight,  
Financed the Mount Everest Expedition  
Lucy again? In a sense your right,  
But the Government gave her its kind permission  
And to grab the credit is far from slow  
Through its little tin trumpet, the C.C.O.

Who was it planned the new Cunarder,  
And pulled off that stunt on Daytona Beach?  
Brought back the Ashes and filled the larder  
With home grown eggs at a halfpenny each?  
These are but some of the things we owe  
To the Government (helped by the C.C.O.)

Modest? No violet is half so shy  
As Ramsay and Co., and it wouldn't do,  
When the national goose is honking high,  
If they, poor geese, should start honking too,  
So you mustn't blame Baldwin, oh dear no,  
For the piffle put out by the C.C.O.

"Britain has come right through on the top.  
There's no doubt about it. We've got our tails up."  
Such the vainglorious brand of slop  
That the Government's blowhards serve in pails up.  
It's pretty cheap, but it sends a glow  
Through the nit-wit narks of the C.C.O.

# The American War Debt

By A.A.B.

**Q**UITE one of the nastiest questions which looms on the horizon is the question of the American War Debt. The longer it remains unsettled, the more disagreeable it becomes, and, it may be added, the more disagreeable the Americans become. Hitherto, on the 15th of last December and the 15th of last June, we paid what is called the token payment, a token or symbol of our intention to pay ultimately the debt in full.

Are we going to pay the debt in full? Not until the President reopens the whole question of War Debts. Looking back on the Washington Conference of 1922 on War Debts, it is almost incomprehensible that Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who was at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the representative of the British Government, and Mr. Montagu Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, should have made such a stupid and unbusinesslike arrangement as they did with Mr. Mellon, on behalf of the United States. They concluded a bargain with that astute American to pay the United States just twice the amount of the alleged debt, together with interest, extended over a period of 60 years.

## Doubling the Debt

In other words, England undertook to pay America a sum of about two thousand million pounds for something like the sum of one thousand million pounds. As Sir Josiah Stamp has pointed out, with a terseness and brevity unusual in that gentleman, all the money raised by the loan, with the exception of three million pounds which was lent to the Soviets, of all people, was spent in America in buying food and munitions of war, and, moreover, was only borrowed after America had come very late into the war herself. As Sir Josiah Stamp emphasised, the loan was lent by one member of the Grand Alliance to another, and we deny that we are morally bound to repay it, on the grounds that America was our partner in the War.

When one nation borrows from another to assist in a war in which they are engaged as partners, you cannot treat the loan as a commercial debt. Legally, of course, it is a debt, like any other. As some vice-President brutally observed of England, "she loaned the money, did she not?" and that is taken in America as a complete statement of their case. But it is not so. The Englishman feels that the Americans are behaving meanly in this matter, for when two nations go to war together they expect that each would share their part of the loss of life and of money.

Englishmen know that they themselves are not mean, and if the positions of the two parties had been changed, that they would not have called upon the Americans to do what the Americans now call upon us to do. The Americans refuse to see this side of the question, and a considerable bitterness has arisen, and the immediate question arises,

what are we going to do next week, when an instalment is due from us? Are we going to pay that instalment in full, or are we going to pay another token payment of a small sum? If we decide to continue what I can't help thinking is the very stupid plan of token-payment, which is simply putting off the evil day, we shall go on paying for goodness knows how many years this small sum on account, which will only keep the sore open, and will settle nothing.

If, on the other hand, we decide to pay the instalments of principal and interest in full, it means that we shall have to pay the United States forty-nine million pounds a year for an indefinite period, which might be ten or fifteen years. This would mean that for that period the Chancellor of the Exchequer would never be able to declare a surplus, or even to balance his Budget, a course of action which I do not think the public would stand. That course, therefore, may be laid aside, as being without the range of practical politics. What, then, are we to do? We must therefore continue our system of token-payments, and endure the ignominy of being branded as defaulters under the Johnson Act or pay nothing at all, and be equally branded by the American Government as defaulters! What an alternative! To adopt the latter course demands some courage on the part of our Ministers; but if we are to be branded as defaulters, let us be defaulters!

## "You're Another!"

After all, it is some consolation to remember the retort, "You're another!" Not, of course, on such a large scale, the Americans themselves are defaulters, as a Council of Foreign Bondholders would tell you. The Americans to this day have never paid the Bonds of their Southern States, and the amount, together with the Principal and Interest, amounts to about £100,000,000 sterling, which, though late in the day, we should be very glad to receive from Washington. Sidney Smith, amongst other distinguished men, lent his money to the State of Mississippi, and he tells us in his humorous way that he never met a South American at dinner or in Society, without mentally dividing him up and calculating what his coat and waistcoat would be worth separated from his nether garments. Poor Sidney Smith had to sell his Confederate Bonds at a discount of 60 per cent., and was barely consoled by the presents of hams and apples which he yearly received from Mississippi.

Joking apart, these repudiations of the United States do not entitle them to call anybody else defaulters. I do not underestimate the disadvantage of being denied access to the New York money market; but we shall survive that, as we have survived many other evidences of ill-will on the part of the Americans, and we should at least clear off our books this unconscionable debt.

# Notes by a Returned Native

## America's Faith in Roosevelt

[From an American Correspondent]

**W**HATEVER else the American, returning from England for a brief visit to his own country, might have anticipated, he was scarcely prepared for the question that was put to him almost as soon as he set foot in New York, and more or less continuously thereafter:

"Well, how has England managed to overcome the depression?"

That such a question should have been asked at all was sufficiently surprising, sufficiently indicative of the change wrought in the American mentality by nearly four years of hard times. Its actual form, of course, was dictated by hurried perusal of the newspaper headlines announcing Great Britain's Budget surplus. The existence of such trifles as two million unemployed, income tax at four-and-six in the £, was blithely overlooked. The budget had been balanced, the statesmen were hopeful: England must therefore have stumbled on the magic road to prosperity. . . . Far more interesting was the readiness to admit, almost the eagerness to believe, that the United States could learn something from some other country; even from a country of that Old World which for ten years the American had alternately scolded and pitied.

### Uncle Sam Has Doubts

This amounts to saying that the average American of 1934 is no longer cocksure, no longer certain that he knows what it's all about. This bewilderment he, of course, shares with the people of most other nations. The difference is that the other peoples were never so convinced that they had found the road to economic salvation, never so intolerant of the lessons of past human experience, as were the Americans. Their spiritual bewilderment is consequently less complete, their loss of self-confidence less marked. So far as the American is concerned, most of the old faiths have gone by the board, and a year of the New Deal in actual operation has as yet produced no generally accepted new ones.

None, that is, save one: an almost universal belief in the honesty, the disinterestedness, and the ability of President Roosevelt. Resentment against the bankers still is fierce. The occasional timid pronouncement of an erstwhile captain of industry is greeted with disrespectful jeers. The Church has apparently nothing to offer. Ready-made political philosophies, whether individualistic or communistic, are rejected as inadequate. Local and national politicians, including the members of Congress, are distrusted. The professorial exponents of the New Deal—the so-called "Brain Trust"—have become subjects for ribald mirth. Mr. Roosevelt's reputation alone remains virtually unscathed. It sounds a cliché, but it is literally true to repeat, that the hopes of three-quarters of

America's 130,000,000 people are centred upon this one man.

When it is considered that the results of his first efforts to help America out of the depression have as a matter of actual fact fallen far short of expectations, the persistence of this blind trust becomes the more remarkable. And that the results to date have been disappointing can scarcely be doubted. Actual statistics are unobtainable, but it is conservatively estimated that, out of some fourteen million who were unemployed a year ago, not more than three million or so have been re-absorbed into industry. The re-absorption process, moreover, has been a highly selective one. Employers naturally have sought to skim the cream off the labour market, with the result that it is still very difficult for the beginner, the man of forty or over, or for the middle-aged woman, to find work at all. And throughout even the depression years the relentless progress of technological improvement has continued: more things can now be made by fewer people than in 1929.

A social explosion is averted by the fact that, without fully appreciating or understanding it, America has in fact gone in for the dole. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the country, still feebly doing things in a big way, has gone in for several doles. There are Government cheques for the farmer who limits his acreage; subsidies for the mining States in the form of enhanced Mint prices for newly-raised precious metals; for the banks in the form of Reconstruction Finance Corporation loans; and for the ordinary, run-of-the-mill individual in the shape of a continuous outpouring of National, State and municipal funds.

### Nobody Starves, But . . .

To this extent the hard-hit American certainly is better off than he was a twelve-month ago. Then quite large numbers of people were actually underfed and under-clothed. To-day it is true, broadly speaking, to say that nobody starves. Food and shelter are available for all; and, if any proof were needed of this assertion, it could be found immediately at hand in the fact that "panhandling" or begging has practically disappeared from the streets of American cities. In the space of just under a month the writer of these notes was only twice approached for alms; and on both occasions it was late at night and he was in evening dress: therefore legitimate prey even in non-depression times.

Yet, all this costs money, and the money has to come from somewhere. It is, as a matter of fact, being borrowed. The cities, the States, the national Treasury, are all discounting the future. There are many thoughtful men who regard the process as rather in the nature of a desperate



gamble. If oil is struck—that is, if business somehow miraculously “picks up,” if men make money and pay their taxes—much of this borrowed money will be repaid. If business does not pick up—well, asks the realist, what else is there to do but to borrow some more and start again? It is not only that ten or twenty million people cannot be allowed to starve. They simply will not do so while there is food to be had and while there exists any means of getting at it. If one suggests that even the borrowing process must some day reach its limit, the answer is as often as not a shrug of the shoulders, which perhaps may be taken to indicate that this remote possibility is not of immediate concern to one's interlocutor.

Along this rather dangerous path the President

is leading his flock. Protesting from time to time his devotion to the old American ideal of rugged individualism, he has thus far moved steadily towards a new collectivism. If the public notices the paradox, it does not resent it. Mr. Roosevelt could ask Congress to-morrow to nationalise the banks, the public utilities, or almost anything else; and it is at least a two to one bet that he would get away with it. How long this state of affairs will last is, of course, impossible to forecast; King Demos is notoriously fickle. One can only record the fact that, with more than a year of his term of office already past, the President still can make America sit up and jump through the hoop whenever he cracks the whip—and that America seems to like doing it.

## Eve in Paris

PARIS, hearing of London's gaiety, splendid Court functions, and influx of visitors, dreams regretfully of her own past.

Gone are the “days of wine and roses,” the Boni de Castellanes, who spent £20,000 on a supper, the Kings of Siam, who bought £100 bouquets for ballerines; the Grand-Dukes and Maharajahs, who lavished millions on demimondaines; gone also, partially, is the lucrative tourist trade. Business houses complain that little is done to attract strangers.

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*La Société des Saisons de Paris* hopes to restore to the capital its former brilliance, and the President, Marquis de Polignac, gave a dinner to leading journalists, when a wonderful programme of festivities was arranged, to take place between June 17th and July 1st. Monsieur Huysman, Ministre des Beaux-Arts, happily suggested a Costume Ball to be held in the Palais de Versailles, and Monsieur Aimé Berthod declared “Disturbances here have been exaggerated abroad; we must show that Paris is still orderly and gay.”

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A boon to the florists of Paris, (hard hit by “la crise”) came in the Fête Nationale de Jeanne d'Arc, for a wealth of flowers was massed around her statue, in Place des Pyramides. They were mostly blue and white, her colours, which the Spring sky also wore. Conspicuous appeared Cardinal Verdier's magnificent wreath of lilies, and France's Royal Standard, the Oriflamme, gleamed beside the Tricolours, on a background of verdure.

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(Thirty-five thousand persons paraded in the canonized heroine's honour. Troops in khaki, or blue, aviators, schoolboys, girl scouts, Nationalist and Catholic Associations. It was a mobilisation of eager patriotic Youth. After the Croix de Feu,

magnificently disciplined, came girls picturesquely costumed, representing the Provinces of France, and Maurras, Léon Daudet, with Maurice Pujo, proudly led the sections of *l'Action Française*, followed by *jeunesses patriotiques*, and blue-shirts of *la Solidarité Française*.

There were no disturbances until the afternoon, when Left-wing Veterans, Socialists and Communists demonstrated against the Décrets Lois, hoisted the Red Flag, and insulted the *Camelots du Roi*, a fight ensuing repressed by strong forces of police.

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Yet another exhibition of pictures! At the Salon des Tuileries, which breathes the intimate atmosphere of Montparnasse. Here are two thousand works, paintings and sculpture, of which a few are admirable, notably Drivier's marble statue of a woman, beautiful and serene, Peské's Autumn landscapes, and some flower and still-life pieces.

In prosperous post-war times pictures sold, good and bad, and painters became as numerous in Paris as pebbles on the beach. Now, only recognised masters earn a living. What becomes of those huge canvases in the Salon, suitable to large Galleries, and to life-size figures, unwanted in modern flats?

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At all periods the artist's position has been precarious. The great Carolus Duran was once penniless and was emigrating to Algeria when a friend bade him take courage and lent him money. When this was exhausted, Duran fell ill and the writer, Zacharie Astruc, took him to hospital. But luck turned, and he became the most fashionable and highly-paid portraitist of the day.

Times now are tragic in the attic-studios of Paris, where perhaps, unknown geniuses are being sold up, as was Rembrandt; yet their works, fetching a few francs, may be acclaimed, like his, by posterity.

# The Truth About Wheat

By Robert Machray

**A**S USUAL, the sensational Press goes to extremes. It is true that, because of the continued drought and other causes in the United States, Canada and various other parts of the globe, the price of wheat has jumped up—"soared" is the exciting, spectacular word in the papers—during the last week or two. In the more sober language of the corn markets, whether at Chicago, Winnipeg or Liverpool, "Wheat is strong!"

But it is not true to say, as it has been said, that there is a "world-drought" and consequently fear of a world-failure of the crops, particularly of wheat, which is the greatest and most precious of them all. What is true, but appears in some danger of being forgotten, is that quite apart from this year's crops there is an abundance of wheat in the world to-day. It is not from a scarcity but from a plenitude of the cereal that the world has been suffering for the last five years.

Probably no spring ever passes into summer without the loud utterance of more or less gloomy forebodings at the moment about the harvest: owing to bad weather—with a rise in the prices of corn as a natural result. Forecasts of famine, however, have been rare and in modern times have never been fulfilled, taking the work as a whole. Not all of them have had their genesis in the weather. It is comforting to recall one of the most remarkable of these prophecies and its complete falsification.

At a meeting of the British Association held at Bristol in 1898, Sir William Crookes, its President in that year and one of the most distinguished scientists of his day, delivered the opening address, then as now the feature of the occasion, and in the course of it said that a scarcity of wheat was "within measurable distance," and he added that he thought the "shadow of famine" would begin to fall on the world in 1931! Such a statement from so eminent a man made a profound impression. It also attracted a good deal of criticism.

## Superabundance

One of his main arguments was that the productivity of all wheat-growing lands was being exhausted by reckless over-cultivation, and another was that the consumption of the cereal was so much on the increase as to outrun production altogether.

Famine was to overtake us in 1931! Now, in that year the world simply did not know what to do with its superabundance of wheat. It is true that in 1925-26 there was talk of such a shortage that the price of the May option in Winnipeg went above two dollars a bushel, but it did not hold long at such a fancy figure. And since then there has been no real fear of a scarcity. The largest crop of wheat in the history of the world was reaped in 1928; in round figures it amounted to 4,600 million bushels or 400 million bushels more than was registered for the previous year.

Nature was never in more ironical mood, for that enormous crop of wheat—the "kindly fruits" of the too-bountiful earth—was far beyond the utmost capacity of the world's consumption. There was a tremendous surplus, and as subsequent harvests did little or nothing to reduce it until last year, and then insufficiently, there has pressed upon us all this terrible incubus in the shape of an immense carry-over of wheat which, if it has guaranteed us against any lack of bread, has been disastrous in almost every other respect. I have always thought that that gigantic crop of 1928 was the real start, if not the actual cause, of the world depression. Anyhow, the next year saw the bursting of the great American boom—something more, surely, than just coincidence?

## Nature takes a Hand

Last year opened with the world staggering and groaning under its terrible load of wheat. Many were the plans suggested for easing or getting rid of this oppressive burden, but restriction of output or rather of input was that most favoured. With that end in view a Wheat Advisory Commission, representing the United States, Canada, Argentina and Australia, the chief wheat-exporting countries, was formed and sat in London at the same time as the fated World Economic Conference—not perhaps the best of omens!

But nature was again in a playful mood—let us put it that way and drop the word ironic. The bulk of the carry-over was held in the United States and Canada, to the serious embarrassment, politically as well as financially, of their Governments. While the Commission was in session news came that the crops of these two countries were being devastated, and, in many parts, destroyed, by bad weather and grasshopper infestation. The report was justified by the event, and prices advanced smartly in Chicago and Winnipeg. The Commission thought its occupation gone.

With wheat again "round the dollar mark," the situation certainly looked much brighter. But again the price did not hold; it receded slowly at first, and then fell rapidly, though there undoubtedly was a very considerable reduction in the carry-over in North America. Nature was at her tricks once more. Argentina and Europe too had magnificent crops of wheat, and until the recent rise the price of wheat, in gold values, went to as low a figure as it has ever gone.

Things looked very black for the poor farmer—and for everybody else. "When the farmer has money, everybody has money" is a common saying on the Continent, and it is true. Again, however, Nature has intervened, with the incidence chiefly on North America a second time. Of course, an advance in prices has taken place—which may or may not hold, but there is no reason whatever for panic. The world is still full of wheat! Our daily bread may be a little dearer, but it will not fail.

# Mutiny in the Sudan

## An Object Lesson

By J. Thorburn Muirhead

**F**REQUENTLY, full details of exciting and vital episodes in modern-day history, never appear in print. They are withheld from the public for purposes of political discretion. In such category was the most recent uprising in the Sudan.

The year 1924, and the period which followed, were troublous times in the near East. Egypt, in her struggle for independence, temporarily allowed her extremists to get out of hand, thereby well-nigh ruining her cause by alienating the sympathies of the civilised nations who otherwise might, at that time, have looked benevolently upon her nationalist aspirations.

A sequence of wanton political murders culminated in 1924 in the assassination of the Sirdar, Sir Lee Stack, in the streets of Cairo. This event induced the breeze necessary to fan into flame, the fires of resentment against the English Infidel. The embers of hate had been smouldering ominously in the hearts of the Arab adherents of Mahomet, since the days of General Gordon, when Britain wrested the Sudan from the unscrupulous, mismanaging grasp of Egypt.

### Barren and Desolate

In the succeeding years, the new rulers endeavoured to nurse the sick and sorely depopulated country back to life and such prosperity as could reasonably be expected, making allowance for the almost unsurmountable handicap of its physical features. Despite the vast potential wealth of the Sudan, it is a woefully unattractive wilderness. This fact is more understandable when one considers the wealth of hidden satire underlying the Arab saying: "God made the Sudan, and laughed!"

That vast area comprises miles and miles of literally nothing, except in the few comparatively civilised spots such as Khartoum, Atbara, and Port Sudan. The country can with truth be described as one of the world's hellspots, especially in its most isolated parts. These are similar to the outlying, fever-stricken, districts of all other Eastern countries, and are equally maddening to dwell in. Only the European, out of all nationalities, would appear to elect, of his own volition, to exist in such lonely isolation. The natives of the various coloured countries concerned would never dream of doing so, had they any option. It is hardly, therefore, surprising that they regard the European as a queer sort of lunatic. He is certainly far beyond the comprehension of their Oriental natures.

The murder of Sir Lee Stack was particularly wanton and senseless, and its circumstances resembled in some respects the more recent brutal murder of that distinguished Frenchman, President Doumer. The Sirdar's assassination had its

inevitable repercussions which extended throughout the whole Sudan. The situation during the days which followed the tragedy, was tense in the extreme. Mild rebellions in educational institutions such as the Military School and Gordon College in Khartoum were nothing new to the Sudan. They were regarded as being of little significance, and all in the ordinary course of events, in view of the youth and irresponsibility of their participants. The year 1924 however, found these youthful scions of Arab nobility, ripe for serious mischief.

The Gordon College, in Khartoum, was founded with the noblest of motives. It was intended to be a University of sorts. Such aspirations were, however, too idealistic and bound to fall short, despite the strenuous and well meaning efforts of the pedagogues in charge. The principal reason for the system's failure is elementary. Sons of native notables are selected for admission to the college. In most cases, their fathers fought fanatically for the Mahdi and the Khalifa, against Slatin, Gordon, and others, in days not so very long ago. The sons cannot therefore reasonably be expected suddenly to change a perfectly natural and wholesome dislike for the Infidel, into a benign love for either him or his methods.

### Their Natures Rebel

No less can these sons, reared in the Muslim faith and hereditary beliefs of their ancestors, be expected to thrive happily while incarcerated, much against their wills, in educational institutions such as the Gordon college. Their natures rebel at being compelled to exchange the picturesque, free-flowing native *gallabea*, for European clothing so symbolic of stiff formality and restriction which they naturally regard with the instinctive abhorrence of free living, nomad, desert Arabs.

It is not surprising, that after a lengthy sojourn in a restricted foreign environment within the cloistered precincts of the Gordon college, and after having imbibed a general smattering of European knowledge calculated to be more dangerous politically than helpful, together with a hearty dislike of the discipline imposed by his preceptors, the graduate more often than not, flies like an eager homing pigeon back to his home among his own people.

There, in the familiar surroundings and security of his desert village, he promptly discards his uncomfortable European clothes, together with any equally distasteful European ways which he may incidentally have acquired. He resumes, with a breath of relief, his picturesque native garb, and takes up his spears, symbolical of his future attitude and grateful intentions towards the conquerors of his country. It is futile to expect



the leopard to change his spots, and still more futile to allow him only a generation in which to accomplish the feat.

With such a spirit reigning among the natives of the Sudan the acuteness of the tension following the Sirdar's murder can be fully appreciated. This tension was suddenly and dramatically broken by the mutiny in Khartoum of the 12th Battalion of Sudanese. Such an event was the most unexpected thing which those in authority could have visualised, the Sudanese troops having hitherto been regarded as loyal to the core.

Whether or not the 12th Sudanese were, as many believed, bluffed into mutiny by Egyptian agitators, the fact remains that it fell to them to disprove the theory of their supposed loyalty. Possibly, had they been officered by British instead of by a mixture of British and Egyptian officers, no such mutiny would have occurred. That however is mere conjecture.

The first indication of the uprising afforded to the residents of Khartoum, was the amazing sight of the 12th Battalion of Sudanese Infantry, broken out of barracks and indulging in a bombastic march past the Palace and the principal Government offices on the river front in Khartoum. They bore, in bravado, Egyptian flags and banners inscribed with seditious exhortations, and the sight so flabbergasted the residents of Khartoum that it was at first regarded as a joke. The mutinous Sudanese troops seemed to regard the matter very lightly themselves, as they wended their riotous way through the city.

#### Many Casualties

The mutineers were encountered by the Commander-in-Chief of the troops in the Sudan, who gave them a tactful but firm and final exhortation to return to their barracks. The mutineers declined this warning, with threats and bravado, whereupon the situation became apparent to those in charge in all its seriousness. All women and children were accordingly escorted with haste to the Palace, remain there under the armed protection of the European male community, which immediately transformed itself into a grim and businesslike auxiliary force.

The two regular battalions then stationed in Khartoum, were the Leicesters and the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders. They were immediately ordered to force the mutineering Sudanese to retreat to their barracks as instructed. In the course of this operation, the first shots were exchanged, and many casualties were sustained by both sides, several British officers and other ranks being killed and wounded.

The mutineering troops were eventually forced towards the Khartoum Military Hospital, which they entered, and in which they ruthlessly shot down several British officers including Major Carlyle of the R.A.M.C. who was barbarously murdered in the main passage of the hospital, near the entrance hall. Eventually, realising that the game was up, the Sudanese mutineers elected to make a final stand. They selected for this purpose, a small, solidly built, outbuilding of the hospital, where they esconced themselves for

a day and a night of horror during which they shot down everyone who came within range.

Eventually the climax was reached when the Royal Artillery succeeded in running a 4.5 howitzer behind a wall to within point blank range of the mutineers' fortress. From there the whole building was remorselessly pounded to pieces, and its occupants annihilated. The mutineers kept on firing to the last man.

The Egyptian officers of the 12th Sudanese Battalion had been much to the fore in inciting their troops to mutiny. They, however, quickly receded into the background, directly things began to go badly for their unfortunate dupes who were, in the primary stages of the affair, akin to a band of irresponsible children proceeding on a picnic. The Egyptian officers concerned were speedily rounded up, and summarily tried and executed. So the tragedy ended.

The determined and efficient manner in which the uprising was quelled, was an object lesson of the incalculable value of firmness and quick decision in dealing with a difficult situation, and its effect was reflected on the minds of the native inhabitants of Egypt and the Sudan. Had the first spark of rebellion succeeded in getting properly alight, the flame would doubtless have spread with lightning rapidity throughout the vast country, and the fanatical days of the Mahdi would have recurred again. The inevitable reign of bloodshed would certainly have started with the annihilation of every European in the Sudan, long before external aid could possibly reach them.

Thanks to the firmness of the army officers in charge of the situation, who were not afraid to emulate the example of General Dyer in the Armritsar riots, Egypt was cowed. She knuckled down without a murmur, to the severe penalties imposed upon her by Britain, and her troops filed quietly out of the Sudan within a few days, without a shot being fired. The strong attitude displayed on that critical occasion acted as a deterrent to future trouble. It has probably resulted in saving wastage of many valuable lives, and has negated similar uprisings in that desert land where law and order now reign supreme, and where the native inhabitants are somewhat bewildered by their own prosperity.

#### The So-Called Debts to America

Sir,—

One is glad that our flabby Government has at least found strength of purpose to decline to make any debt payment to the United States on June 15. But what disturbs one is the statement in the British Note to the effect that "the British Government does not intend to repudiate its obligations" and is ready to discuss matters with President Roosevelt at some later date.

Why keep up this sorry farce?

Why be squeamish about "obligations" when America has defaulted on more than one occasion in the past?

JAMES WALSH.

Adelaide Road, N.W.3.

*An honorable gentleman!*

# Indian Princes & Federation

By HAMISH BLAIR

(*The Man on the Spot*)

SOME Indian Princes (the late Ranjitsinji was an example) are being forced into Federation or else bludgeoned into silence. Others—big fellows like Hyderabad and Mysore—are being roped in by gifts—not bribes, of course! Just surrenders of British territory containing many thousands of British subjects who have never been consulted in the matter.

As most people are aware, the British civil and military station of Bangalore—a British *enclave* in the middle of the Native State of Mysore—is about to be handed back to the Mysore Government, after being consistently refused to that Government for many years. Naturally people are putting two and two together, and asking why the present moment should have been chosen for a political double somersault on the part of the Government of India. But nothing can exceed the indignation of the official press at the suggestion that the retrocession is part of the price exacted by Mysore for its adherence to the White Paper and the Federation scheme!

"To contend, as is being done in various quarters, notably by the Churchill party in England, that the retrocession of the civil station (of Bangalore) is part of the price being paid for Mysore's support for Federation and the White Paper," says the *Madras Mail*, "is to ignore the fact that the retrocession issue was raised long before the White Paper was thought of or Federation became a live issue."

Quite so. It was *raised* all right, but up to the time when the support of the Princes was being canvassed it had invariably been jumped upon. Until it became necessary to "persuade" Mysore the repeated demands of that State for the retrocession of Bangalore had always been met by a polite but decided refusal. It is, to say the least, a curious coincidence that this policy should have been so suddenly reversed.

## Ready for the Ramp

As has been pointed out more than once, the inducement to Mysore does not stand alone. Only the other day the Viceroy hinted not obscurely at the possibility of retroceding the Berars to the Nizam of Hyderabad; and once the Bangalore deal has been put through with Mysore and has been presented to Parliament as a "settled fact," the stage will then be clear for a still bigger ramp. The Berars (with an area of nearly eighteen thousand square miles and a population approaching three and a half millions) will then be duly handed over to the tender mercies of Hyderabad. In both cases, be it noted, the inhabitants of the areas about to be surrendered are vehemently opposed to this disposal of their lives and fortunes.

In the case of States so powerful and wealthy as Hyderabad and Mysore, it was neither feasible nor desirable to offer a money bribe. Their sense of importance had to be titillated by the prospect of

an accession of territory, which incidentally had become rich and prosperous under British control, and all the more desirable from the fiscal standpoints of the two big Native States. But this objection does not apply to the smaller States, and in their case direct subventions are being made with a brazen effrontery which has staggered even the complaisancy of the Assembly at Delhi.

## The Storm Bursts

At the end of March the Government of India coolly asked the Assembly to sanction large money grants to three native States—Nawanagar, Alwar and Bahawalpur. So far as I know such a demand is almost, if not quite, without precedent, and a storm of criticism broke loose in the legislature. Member after member got up and denounced the employment of taxpayers' money to bolster up Indian States of whose position, financially and otherwise, the legislature was being kept in ignorance.

In the end the Government got its grants through. But the deal leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. The case of Alwar is, of course, the worst of the lot. The Ruler of Alwar was one of the most fêted personages at the first Round Table Conference. Incidentally, he rendered yeoman service to the cause of Federation by seconding Bikanir's theatrical gesture in that behalf. Last, but not least, he is one of the worst rulers in India, if, indeed, he is not the holder of the wooden spoon amongst Indian Chiefs. The misgovernment of the State of Alwar became so intolerable that it precipitated an armed revolt last year. In the result, the Maharaja was banished for two years from his own territories, which were taken over by British administrators.

Yet this is the Ruler who has been singled out for financial patronage at the present moment.

Reverting to the surrender of Bangalore, perhaps the most devastating comment that has yet been made upon the whole business is contained in a letter from a British resident in Bangalore to the *Madras Mail*.

Despairing of rousing the British Government to a sense of shame, he turns directly to the Ruler of Mysore himself—personally one of the finest and most enlightened Princes in India—and says:

"Is it too much to ask H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore to permit the civil administration of the Civil and Military Station of Bangalore to remain as it is? It would be a fitting act of magnanimity on his part in return for the part the British have played in restoring to his ancestor the lost throne and province of Mysore."

So British residents in India are now frankly dependent upon the magnanimity of an Indian prince for a continuation of their rights, and even their existence! *Civis Britannicus sum*, indeed!

(India, 10th May, 1934.)

# No Honours: By Lady Houston, D.B.E.

\*\*

Hush-a-Bye Leaders on the tree top  
When the wind blows the Government rock  
When the bough breaks and the Government fall  
Down will go Ramsay, Baldwin and all.

Oh! how frightened I was when I made my Maiden Speech at the Luncheon given by the Gaumont British Picture Corporation last Thursday. Here it is:—

\*\*

When Lord Clydesdale first came to see me to ask me to finance an adventure to fly over Mount Everest, it was then only an idea in embryo, and rather a forlorn hope—for three wealthy men had already been approached about it—and had turned it down. It did not appeal to them.

**But it fired me with the thought of all it could do to reinspire the people of India with confidence and faith in us and in our great love and goodwill towards them—which they had always trusted in so implicitly,—and so after thinking it over I consented to see Lord Clydesdale again at lovely Kinrara—where he came and stayed for a few days.**

We again talked it all over and I finally agreed to turn this stillborn idea into a living reality by financing it, and making it possible for these brave men to accomplish their ambition.

I did it for the glory and honour of England—for I am not one of those who believe in belittling our dear country and Empire—my motto is—**GOD SAVE ENGLAND**—and let us bind upon our brows Nelson's glorious dying message:—

**ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY.**

\*\*

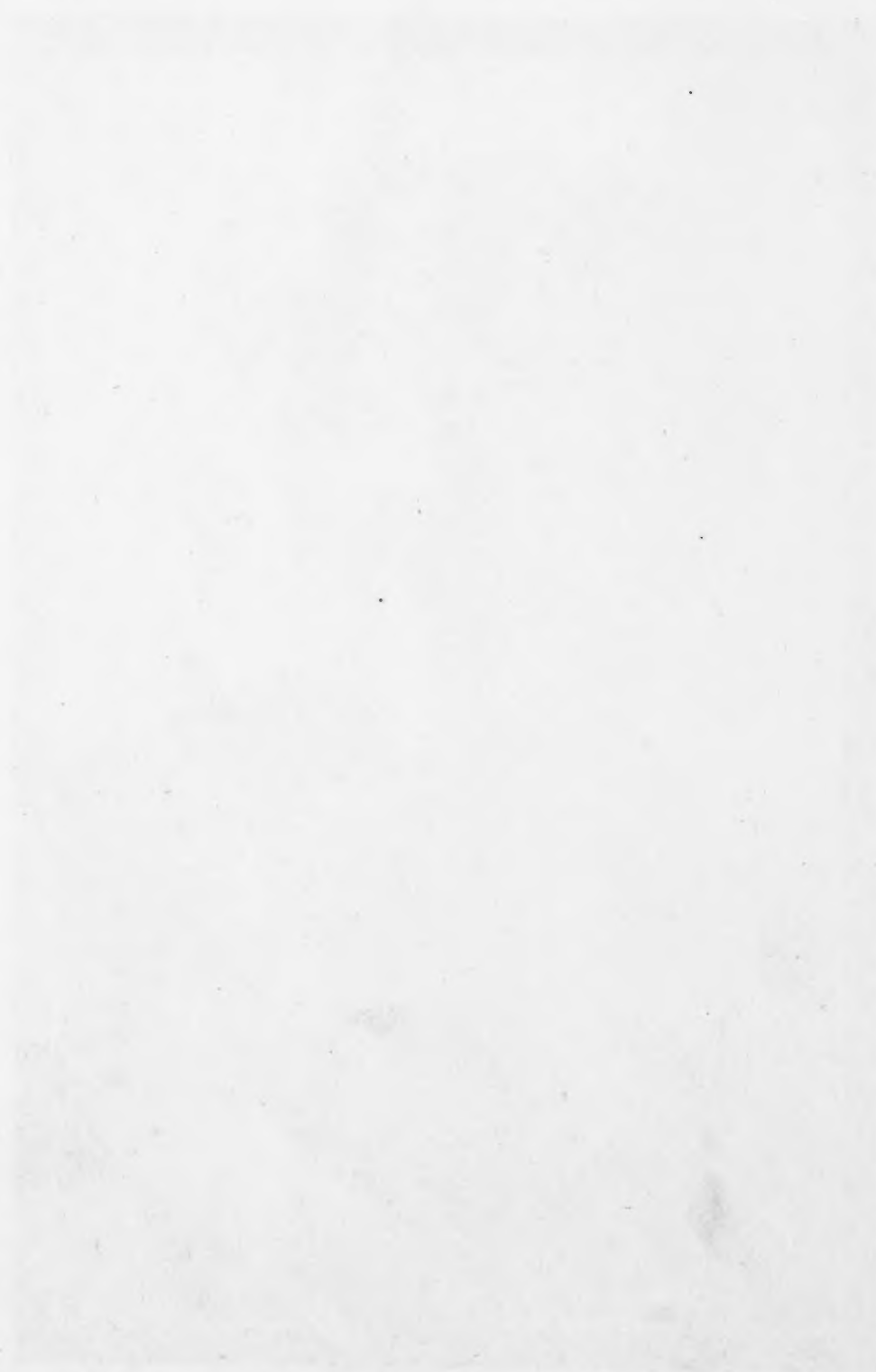
If "Honour where honour is due" meant ANYTHING to this Government the valiant Leaders of the Houston Mount Everest Expedition would have been mentioned in the Honours List—But PATRIOTISM, HONESTY and UNPARALLELED COURAGE are not qualities that appeal to the NATIONAL Government, and so it comes to pass that these splendid men are not even given Honourable Mention. This is the way our Mis-Leaders Dis-Honour the Honours List.

\*\*

There is still no defence against an aerial attack on London, and within a few hours of the declaration of war London might lie in a heap of smouldering ruins; her people blinded, choked and drowned in a welter of gas. Such is the position of London to-day, and until the defence of London by Air is made adequate by our Air Force being doubly as strong as that of any other nation, we are not safe from this peril, but then what matters as long as we have that INESTIMABLE BLESSING Ramsay MacDonald.



# LADY HOUSTON





Supplement to SATURDAY REVIEW, 9/6/34.

# LADY HOUSTON



—who is still alive and kicking





# Houston-Everest Equipment

## A Notable Engineering Achievement

By Oliver Stewart

**A**EROPLANE height records are made by a single man piloting a machine shorn of all but the bare essentials; but the Houston-Everest machines were required to climb to heights of at least 33,000 feet—to give a sufficient margin over the 29,000 feet of Mount Everest—with full photographic equipment, and with an observer to operate it. They were two-seater machines, whereas previous height records had usually been made with single-seaters, and they had this additional load to weigh them down. Consequently the fact that they attained more than the stipulated height and behaved perfectly all the time they were in use must be regarded as evidence of a first-class engineering achievement.

The Westland Aircraft Works built the airframes, or the parts of the aeroplane exclusive of the engine, and the Bristol company built the engines. The machines were biplanes, superficially resembling one another but actually differing in some important respects. The basis of both of them may be said to have been the Westland "Wallace" general purposes aeroplane which is supplied by this firm to the Air Ministry.

One machine, which was called the Houston-Westland, was a development of the "Wallace" known by the type number P.V. 3, the other was a standard "Wallace" with the military equipment taken out and such luxuries as wheel brakes and "spats," or streamline fairings for the wheels, removed, and the special photographic and high flying equipment fitted.

Oxygen equipment obviously formed an important item in the total amount of weight that had to be lifted to these enormous heights. Three thousand litres were carried in four bottles weighing 14 lb. each and made of steel and Air Commodore Fellowes had computed that each man needed eight litres a minute at the operational height. The cameras had to be kept warm by special means both externally and internally. Some of them had the louvre type of metal shutter which is a British invention and which possesses special advantages for aerial work.

An exceedingly interesting point about the airframes was that spring boxes had to be introduced in the control systems in order to allow for

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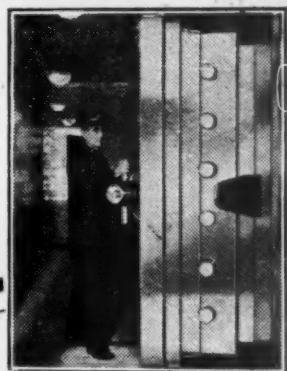
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the contraction of the metals in the systems consequent upon the markedly low temperatures in which the aircraft would be working. The operational ceiling, or maximum height which the machines could attain with the full photographic equipment, was fixed at 33,000 feet, but in practice, on test flights made before the aircraft left England, heights of 34,000 feet and 35,000 feet were reached.

The machines were each fitted with a single Bristol "Pegasus" air-cooled radial engine having a particularly high degree of supercharge. This high degree of supercharge was needed to counteract the effects of the thinness of the air at great heights. The engines needed oxygen as much as the pilots and observers and it could only be given them by means of blowers working at high speed and maintaining the pressure. The engines were each cowled in Townend rings, which are rings of aerofoil section, entirely surrounding the engine, and having the effect of reducing the total resistance of the engine when it is being drawn through the air.

Wing slots were fitted at the tips of the wings. These fittings are for giving stability and control at low speeds and are standard on the comparable Royal Air Force types. For high flying the slots are of value because the wings of the aeroplane, as it were, are less well able to grip the thin air, and consequently the machine is nearer the stalling (and falling) point all the time.

The test flights of both the aircraft were made at Yeovil, and it may be mentioned in passing that the heights recorded constitute unofficial world's records for two-seater aircraft. After these flights the machines were dismantled and packed and shipped to Karachi. Here they were assembled and flown across India to Purnea to make their famous assault on the highest mountain in the world in April, 1933.

High flying problems are as difficult to solve in their own particular way as high speed problems and from a military point of view they are no less important. Moreover, the view is gaining ground that commercial aeroplanes will in the future fly at great altitudes in order to be able to make use of the reduced resistance of the thin air.

Air Commodore Fellowes, in a paper he read before the Royal Aeronautical Society recently, paid high tributes to the airframes and engines, and said that neither of them gave any trouble at all. The machines were prepared with great rapidity because the programme the expedition had set themselves demanded it.

Finally it is to be remembered that these two aeroplanes, the Houston-Westland and the Westland "Wallace," each with its Bristol "Pegasus" engine, not only flew over Mount Everest; not only attained heights of 34,000 feet and 35,000 feet on test at Yeovil, but did so with a very complete photographic equipment and observers to operate it. The flying over Mount Everest was not a feat which would have presented any great design or manufacture difficulties; but the flying over Mount Everest with adequate equipment to record the achievement photographically is a much more complex objective. Its successful attainment must be regarded as a notable feat on the part of British aircraft and engine manufacturers.



# The Romance of the Oaks

By David Learmonth

**A**LTHOUGH the Derby is universally connected with the name of its founder, for some reason or other the origin of the Oaks is not so generally known. Actually it was also founded by Lord Derby, and founded, moreover, a year before the Derby itself.

The Earl, having contracted a romantic second marriage in 1773, settled at The Oaks, Epsom. Six years later, in 1779, he inaugurated a race for three-year-old fillies which was named after his residence. Fortune favoured him that year, for he won the race himself with Bridget, a filly by Herod, ridden by R. Goodison, a sound jockey in those days.

The great development of the race can be appreciated by the fact that in the initial year there were only seventeen subscribers, twelve of whom sent horses to the post. It was fifteen years before another filly won the Oaks in Lord Derby's colours, when, in 1794, Hermione won with the well-known S. Arnall in the saddle.

With the Derby, Lord Derby did not make so auspicious a start. The first race, in 1780, was won by Diomed, a colt by Florizel owned by Sir Charles Bunbury, virtually monarch of Newmarket, and husband of the famous beauty, Lady Sarah, who left him after she had borne him a child. Later she married again and became the mother of Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War. It was Bunbury who presided over the inquiry on the Escape incident when the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was informed that if he again employed Sam Chifney to ride for him no gentleman would compete against him—although nothing was done to Chifney. This resulted in the Prince refusing to race at Newmarket again, which was probably what the stewards intended.

## Famous Fillies

It was, in fact, seven years before the black and white colours registered a victory in this event, when Sir Peter Teazle, a Highflyer colt, won with the skilful S. Arnall again in the saddle. After that there was a blank period for a hundred and thirty-seven years, until Sansovino came home in the mud of 1924.

In the Oaks, however, the stable has been more fortunate. Lord Stanley's Iris won in 1851, Lord Derby's Canterbury Pilgrim in 1896, Keystone II. in 1906, and Straitlace in 1924.

Many famous fillies have won the Oaks; Sceptre, in 1902, after being unplaced in Ard Patrick's Derby; and the Chevalier Ginistrelli's Signorinetta in 1908, after having won the Derby at a hundred to one. In 1904 the famous Pretty Polly came home an easy winner at the remarkable price of a hundred to eight on.

Since the war no great fillies which could be said to be better than the colts have won the race. The best of them was probably Love in Idleness belonging to the late Mr. Joseph Watson, afterwards Lord Manton.

Although venerable compared with the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas, which were not established until the early nineteenth century, the Oaks is not the oldest Classic race. This distinction must fall to the St. Leger, which was inaugurated in 1776, though it was not given its name until 1778.

In those days there was considerable jealousy between North Country and South Country racing folk. The protagonists of Yorkshire even started an agitation to transfer the Oaks and the Derby to the Town Moor. Needless to say this had no result; and it is difficult to imagine how the Yorkshiremen hoped to get their way, since in those days there was no ruling body with jurisdiction over all courses. It is true that the Jockey Club existed at Newmarket, but as a purely social institution.

There was, in fact, no codified set of rules. The various race courses drew up their own and some of them were of a very rough and ready nature. At some meetings, for instance, what would today entail disqualification for foul riding was considered perfectly legitimate.

## The Prix de Diane

Until comparatively recent times the Derby was looked upon as rather a rough meeting and women were chary of attending it. The Oaks, however, for some queer psychological reason, since the same elements attended it, was looked upon as an event particularly suitable for the patronage of ladies.

The Friday at the Epsom Summer meeting, thus soon came to be called "Ladies' Day." But it could never be described as a pageant of fashion. The atmosphere of the Oaks has always been more workman-like than Ascot or its French equivalent the Prix de Diane.

This French Oaks is undoubtedly, from the feminine point of view, the most attractive racing event in Europe. At no meeting does one see a collection of more beautiful and perfectly dressed women. And the setting of the course, with the leafy trees and the old royal stables of Chantilly in the background distract one's thoughts from the prosaic business of finding winners and transport one to the brilliant atmosphere of the reign of Louis XIV.

Still, English women have a charm of their own, and on Oaks day at Epsom the more practical styles, as opposed to the flounces of Ascot, display them at their best in their true and traditional environment.

# Pearls of Wisdom

(The following is reprinted from the *Sunday Express*, where it appeared under the headings "Ramsay Ends his Fifth Year as Premier—And Mr. Baldwin said 'After Four or Five Years a Prime Minister is Worn out.'")

**I**T will be five years on Tuesday since Mr. Ramsay MacDonald became Prime Minister.

Mr. Baldwin, in the House of Commons on March 21 this year, said: "After four or five years the Prime Minister is worn out."

Here are some of the tired footsteps on the weary road as recorded in the speeches of the Prime Minister himself:—

**1929.—June 1:** On hearing that he has won the election which makes him Prime Minister: "I think a day in bed would do me no harm, but I never felt better after an election."

**June 5:** Broadcast speech on appointment as Prime Minister: "We have come back from the election just a little tired in body, and you will not grudge us a few days' rest."

**June 29:** "God knows the burden is heavy enough at the moment."

**July 3:** First speech in the House of Commons after the election: "Certainly we are going to think. We are going to think of objective realities, and we are going to apply to them our minds—such as we have got."

**September 4:** At Geneva: "Let us remember that the people of the whole world ask us to go ahead, and that they desire us to be quick in our actions."

**October 14:** In New York: "We are justified in seeing the shining feet of coming peacemakers coming over the horizon to gladden our hearts and to make us feel that all our long efforts for peace have not been without avail. . . . I am terribly tired."

**November 11:** At the Guildhall, London: "I am concerned with work. I am concerned with service. I am concerned with trying to get every one of us to pull their weight, so that nobody shall be a dead-weight."

**December 7:** Answering criticism at the London Scots Labour Club: "We were taught to believe that the great Maker of the world did everything in seven days. (A voice: Six days.) That is a profound mistake to make, because when you achieve the absolute completeness of everything you have always got to make provision for a day of rest. . . ."

**1930.—October 8:** At Socialist Party Conference: "The Government are steadily, soberly, quietly working. . . . Gracious! how it goes against my grain to be 'spectacular!'"

**1931.—January 9:** At Durham: "This pessimistic talk, 'Things are all up with us,' that is where the evil lies."

"Convince people that the game is up, and the

game is up. Convince them that the game is not up, and the game is not up, and we are doing our best to convince them."

**June 3:** At Blackpool: "I am not going to you at the next general election with a hoity-toity and jazz heart. . . ."

**1933.—May 9:** House of Commons: "When I was at sea (laughter)—America went off gold."

**November 7:** House of Commons: "Do not let anyone imagine after this thinking aloud on my part that questions can be asked tomorrow on what progress has been made."

**November 13.** House of Commons: "We are perfectly certain that this House would not wish the Government here to say that they are going to use the existing unfortunate situation in this way or that way or the other way in order to get an international agreement."

**1934.—May 3:** At Royal Academy Banquet: "Even when the lean kine were browsing on our fields, the Government acted —."

Mr. Adrian Stokes: "What about the exhibition?"

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## India's Past and Future

**I**S the British Raj in India finished and defunct? Messrs. Edward Thompson and G. T. Garratt would seem to think so, judging by the very title of their book "The Rise and Fulfilment of British Rule in India" (Macmillans 21s.).

The two authors can claim fairly wide Indian experience, the one as an educationist, the other as member of the Indian Civil Service. They have sought, they tell us, to set out their story impartially. "By far our hardest task has been to avoid a national or racial bias."

That sounds well, but, after all, where is the difficulty? Is there really very much to be ashamed of in our three hundred years' connection with India? The achievement has been magnificent and the regrettable incidents few and far between and most of them explicable by the temper or custom of the times.

The authors, in their final summing up, appear to recognise this, for they write:

Many special virtues, as well as failings, went to the building up of the British Empire and its retention by a minute force. A high sense of duty, incorruptibility, a passion for improving, a recognition of social responsibility, these may be remembered and be better appreciated when the friction due to disputed authority, economic grievances, and social differences has been forgotten. . . . No controversy has been more miraculously preserved from irreconcilability than this one between England and India. . . . when all has been said by the extreme protagonists of both sides, its conduct justifies a guarded belief that its outcome may be a sane and civilised relationship between the two countries.

There is very little to quarrel over as regards the presentment of facts about the early and later phases of John Company's rule. Here Messrs. Thompson and Garratt have made full and, on the whole, instructive use of contemporary quotation. They do justice to the characters and work of Clive and Warren Hastings and to the administration of the various Governors-General, paying special tribute to Dalhousie, "the greatest of the Governors-General since Warren Hastings, his pluck and intellect making of steadfast conscientiousness a thing of exceeding loveliness."

### The White Paper

It is when the authors come down to more recent years that they appear to falter occasionally between a desire to placate Political India and their duty as historians. For example, it will surprise many people to learn that the White Paper "was written for the British politician with the whole emphasis laid upon the safeguards against dangers implicit in the new experiment and without any attempt to win Indian support or interest. There was no concession to Indian demands for some voice in military policy, while the future of the Civil Service was left to be reconsidered after five years."

They do not appear to realise quite the significance of the words "reconsidered after five years": there are those who have read into this particular part of the White Paper a clear indication as to the precise extent of the "transitional period" which is to precede what Mr. Gandhi would call *Purna Swaraj*.

In their Epilogue, Messrs. Thompson and Garratt draw attention to the grave situation that must arise when beneficent irrigation schemes no

longer suffice to alleviate the effects of an ever-increasing pressure on the land. After the next decade they visualise "India gradually sinking into a kind of rural slum" unless something drastic is done for the "uplift" of the peasant.

### The Dangers Ahead

For the rest they think that "Federation already wears an obsolete appearance" and foreshadow the growth of centrifugal tendencies within the Provinces and larger States.

The greatest immediate danger is that the long period of internal peace under British rule has induced the belief that there will always be an outside authority ready to restore order, while the politician, unable to redeem his pledges, will be tempted to raise constitutional questions and revive racial and religious animosities.

The "miniature League of Nations," which is to be the Federal central authority, clearly seems fated to suffer the same eclipse as the larger European model; but Messrs. Thompson and Garratt do not push the analogy to its logical extreme. Nor do they attempt to follow out the inevitable consequences of excessive centrifugalism and the disappearance of the authority which has hitherto maintained both external and internal peace. They have, however, given us a book which, with its faults here and there due to an over-zealous hankering after "impartiality," represents a fairly just chronicle of the achievements of the "corpse" whose "wake" they are celebrating.

The only point to be considered is whether that "corpse" may not still come to life and confound both its critics and its physicians.

## Modern Spain's Origins

**T**HE serious student of Spanish Liberalism will find Professor Trend's new book, "The Origins of Modern Spain" (Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d. net), an exceptionally valuable addition to the not over-wide selection at present at his disposal. It bears the most evident signs of a very careful and close study of the subject matter and in particular of the parts played in the development of the modern philosophical outlook in Spain and of higher education, as we understand it in this country, by those earnest yet so human advocates of progressive culture, Sanz del Rio, Francisco Giner and Salmerón.

Professor Trend traces the growth of Spanish Liberalism from the germ that was first sown in the mind of Sanz del Rio during his studies at Heidelberg University.

The idea developed with Sanz del Rio, but it was his disciple Don Francisco Giner who gave it all the intense enthusiasm of which he was capable and it was he, foremost of all, who saw in it, with modifications along more English lines, suitably adapted to the Spanish temperament, the salvation of the national conscience.

No less than a third of the space available is devoted to the study of Giner and his life's work, and Professor Trend has handled the subject with obvious sympathy. He has drawn a delightful portrait of the man himself no less than of the philosopher whose method it was to teach by learning from his own pupils.

L.W.S.



## War Pensions—A Survey

### The American Scandal

MISS KATHERINE MAYO, whose previous book "Mother India" created such intense interest, deals with the Pension schemes of the various combatant countries in her new volume which is just published ("Soldiers What Next!" Cassell, 8s. 6d.).

She sets out at length the arrangements in America, comparing them with those of European countries, and her description reveals a damning state of affairs. The history commences with the pre-war pension schemes of the North v. South war, when political pressure applied to Congress allowed the most outrageous awards to be given.

According to the law of the land, an "Attorney's fee" of ten dollars could be earned by "pensions claims agents" who presented and won any claim for a pension on behalf of an ex-service man. Obviously, there was easy money here, and a host of claims were presented by these sharks. Aided by the political pressure applied by the G.A.R. (the then Ex-service Mens' Association) more and more loopholes to dishonesty were opened and the number of men living on state doles, more often than not with no valid reason, increased by leaps and bounds.

With America's entry into the War, President Wilson cut away the whole of this ugly tumour and brought into force a new pension scheme, based on sound principles. It looked for a time as though the old racket had disappeared and that political honesty was once again in the ascendant.

With the formation of the American Legion, the old racket came into force again with redoubled energy. Forming its own political lobby, it so terrorised Congress by threats of the voting behind it that such legislation as it required was speedily passed, even over the Presidential veto when this was exercised. The "veterans" were mobilised and exploited, and enormous sums were given to men and dependants who had, in fact, never left American shores.

And so the scandal grew. The famous "Bonus" was first awarded in the form of a paid-up insurance policy encashable at the end of twenty years. The Legion, pressing for further benefits for its army of hangers-on, forced through legislation enabling fifty per cent. of the paid-up value of the bonus to be obtained on demand.

### Comparisons with Europe

It is difficult to grasp the enormous drain made on the Treasury by these successive raids. Miss Mayo gives tables which show, firstly, the number of pensioners compared with the European countries and secondly the annual disbursements. America pays out more money to her "veterans" than does England, France and Germany put together. The number of war-disabled men of the three countries above mentioned is 8,124,579. Those of America number 192,369. These figures give some indication of the vast inroads made by the pension legislation sponsored by the American Legion.

Turning to the European countries, Miss Mayo has, on the whole, nothing but praise for their pension arrangements. Particularly so is this in the case of Great Britain of whose methods she has

great admiration. It is, of course, the underlying principle which accounts for the difference. European countries base their awards on the general grounds that only cases of wounds and sickness attributable directly to war are pensionable. In America, practically any case of sickness incurred by an ex-service man, whether war connected or not, is eligible for compensation.

This is a remarkable exposure of American pension legislation and must give one furiously to think. It is more than an exposure of pensions, in a way, as it shows the weaknesses in a democratic constitution which can be exploited by the unscrupulous. Human nature being what it is, and the average security of livelihood being frail, political pressure can always be used by a minority to force its will on the majority. Miss Mayo gives instance after instance of this phenomenon, in itself a damning indictment of modern democracy. Her book, which is not only well-written, but also well-documented, should cause a great deal of thought, not only in the New World, but in the Old as well.

P.K.

## The Rise of An Oil Magnate

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES which are really interesting are seldom illuminating, but Mr. Stanley Naylor's story as told him by Sir Henri Deterding ("An International Oilman," Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 6s.) must be counted an exception.

Here is no clue, except on the title page, that Sir Henri himself is not the author. The book has another recommendation; it is exactly 126 pages long. This is not meant in a sarcastic sense, but in the hope that it may become fashionable for less noteworthy people to record their lives with such brevity.

Actually, I found the book of great interest, both by reason of Sir Henri's outlook on general matters and his views on problems of vital concern to us all. The keynote of business success, in his opinion, is simplicity. By this he means that a business man must be able to reduce his plans to workable simplicity and must not be content with a carelessly thought out and complex structure—an obvious truth.

Sir Henri is dead against price-cutting wars, which he describes as suicidal and favours co-operation wherever possible. He may, in fact, be described as the pioneer of co-operation in the oil business. The growth of his company, from small and insecure beginnings to its present magnitude, may be attributed entirely to this policy. He never sought to squeeze another company out, nor to absorb it on unfair terms. Eventually he persuaded the mighty Standard Oil Company to his way of thinking.

Like many other proved business men, such as Sir Hugo Cunliffe Owen, he favours bi-metallism. One argument alone, that the silver using peoples of the earth still comprise three-fifths of the world's population, is sufficiently cogent to make one think hard.

A fascinating career, set out in a hundred and twenty-six pages, stuffed with sound common sense.

D.L.L.

## Carlyle and Alexandre Dumas

### Two Notable Biographies

**T**HERE is little or no resemblance between the characters and lives of Carlyle and Alexandre Dumas; yet they are bracketed together because each is the subject of a biography just published in Messrs. Duckworth's "Great Lives" series (2s. each volume).

Mr. D. Lammond, Carlyle's biographer, emphasises the fact that though the fame of the Sage of Chelsea has suffered a decline of recent years, he is still a living force in English literature. A "great shaker-up of men" he was apt to be an unsafe guide to those he had awakened: the self-proclaimed Moses might not admit it, but he not infrequently seemed to have lost his way.

In his early writings he inclines towards a form of socialism; in his later years he pleaded frequently for the establishment of an autocracy. The Able Men, with whips or guns, were to carry out the commands of the Hero and impose their will upon the "twenty-seven millions, mostly fools." The fools were to be treated kindly enough, but no freedom was to be theirs. The world of regimentation which Carlyle imagined, with work as the be-all and end-all of life, would be like a beehive, only minus drones and with a powerful ruler instead of a helpless Queen.

No one, however, can dispute the fact that "Carlyle spoke of great things in noble words"; and for that reason alone his place among the elect in English literature seems secure.

In his account of the domestic life of the Carlyles, Mr. Lammond holds the scales even. Neither in their maturity could have been easy to live with: Carlyle, with a soul above marital amenities in the home circle, with his ravings over his own aches and pains and with the rooted idea that a wife had no right to be ill, and Jane, with her shrill voice, her incessant colds and headaches and her jealous, somewhat exacting nature. Yet Carlyle was genuinely devoted to her, and her death left him a heart-broken man.

### Dumas' Amazing Career

No literary genius has had a more amazing career than Alexandre Dumas, the quadroon, who started life as a solicitor's clerk in an obscure provincial town and then, emigrating to Paris, rose from newspaper hack to the position of uncrowned king of the capital, author of dramas that moved Paris to ecstasies and of romances that thrilled the whole world, founder of a literary factory that turned out stories to meet the demand which even his own tremendous energy could not supply and a veritable Count of Monte Cristo for the wealth that flowed to him and from him.

Mr. G. R. Pearce, who picks out for us both the gold and the tinsel in this glamorous life, makes the just criticism that it is difficult to imagine any age which will take no delight in the "Three Musketeers" and "The Count of Monte Cristo." Dumas himself, who cared nothing about Posterity, once cynically observed that his fame would last for at least one hundred years, because it would take the rats just about that amount of time to consume the portentous mass of printed matter bearing his name.

## Off the Beaten Track

### A Modest Explorer's Fine Book

**T**HE best travel book that has appeared for many years: that would be a fitting description of Miss Freya Stark's "The Valleys of the Assassins" (John Murray, 12s. 6d., with 32 illustrations and 6 maps).

Her services to geography have already been recognised by the conferment on her of the Royal Geographical Society's Back medal: she has the distinction of having filled in wide gaps in our maps of Persia.

Yet in this book she slurs over that fact and leads her readers to believe that she undertook her Persian explorations "just for fun."

Her book reveals that she possesses the triple gift of a natural easy-flowing attractive style, a keen sense of humour and an understanding mind; the thieving propensities of the Lur, the way of the Persian policeman to shoot first and enquire afterwards, the bloodthirsty reputation of a guide do not shock her or disturb her equanimity; she merely takes them for granted and goes quietly forward with the job in hand. Keram Khan, one of her guides, for example,

"was a charming man. I think he was never afraid, though the country seemed to be thick with relatives of people he had killed and this was a serious drawback to his usefulness as a guide outside his own tribe. On the other hand, there is a certain advantage in travelling with someone who has a reputation for shooting rather than being shot: as Keram said, in a self-satisfied way, they might kill me, but they would know that, if I was with him, there would be unpleasantness afterwards."

### Taming the Agha

She is content with the rôle of a mere foolish woman when it suits her purpose; yet she can use her woman's wits to advantage when the occasion demands action. Thus when it came to dealing with a truculent Kurdish Agha, who was inclined to make a fuss over her passport,

"Happy has been your coming", I lied. . . "Your amiability is excessive", he was bound to reply since one formula calls for another. "The pass—" "The condition of your health, how is it?" I continued. . . "Thanks be to God", he murmured and finished the formula with an indistinctness which did not sound as cordial as it might. "The pass—" he began again. But there are about fifteen polite things one can say at meeting, each requiring a little bow, each demanding their appropriate answer. . . I knew about half and the Kurdish Agha had the full benefit of them. By the time we reached the end of my repertoire I had him tamed.

Miss Stark made two journeys into Luristan before she set out for the country of the medieval Assassins in Mazandaran near the shores of the Caspian. She visited the Alamut Valley and the great rock in it, near by which must have been the original fortress home of the Old Man of the Mountain, the founder of the sect called *Hashishin* (partakers of *hashish*) from which our English word "Assassin" is derived. She also discovered the site of another Assassin fortress Lamiasar.



# Selection of Novels to Suit

## Two Jewish Tales

"THE Bond," by John Sorsky (John Heritage, 7s. 6d.) must rank among the best of that class of novels that deals with Jewish communities. Here the background of the story is Tsarist Russia in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the basis of the plot being that article of the Talmudic law which makes legal and binding a verbal agreement between two parties to betroth their offspring of opposite sexes, provided that agreement is made before three witnesses. The "bond" in this case has unhappy consequences and in the development of his plot Mr. Sorsky finds opportunity both for impressive portraiture and graphic description.

"Kitty Villareal" by G. and M. J. Landa (Denis Archer 7/6), is a vividly written historical novel of the early eighteenth century, the heroine being the Jewish ancestress of both Viscount Galway and the Marquis of Crewe. She figured in what for that age was an amazing breach of promise action brought against her by her cousin. This novel covers her life and adventures and brings into her story, among others, Walpole, the notorious Duke of Newcastle and Samson Gideon, the great Jewish financier of that time.

"Pantehnicon," by Mrs. Neve Scarborough (Frederick Muller, 7s. 6d.) is a highly diverting record of a quite impossible commercial experiment—the "determined introduction" of blue blood and culture into a big Emporium, whose "Master" had a peculiar flair for money-making and a soul that pined for aristocratic associations. An exiled Balkan Monarch, his sprightly daughter and four University graduates "of high integrity and unquestionable breeding" all come on to the establishment in the course of this rollicking story, and the results inevitably are not altogether happy for the maker of the experiment.

## Simple-hearted Heroes

"Refreshment for the mind in an honest fellow's story" is what Mr. George Woden provides in "Our Peter" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), a simple easy-moving tale of the Black country in pre-war days. The central figure is an honest, lovable creature who makes his own way in the world, is the pride of his mother's heart and proves himself a staunch friend and admirable husband. A book that seems destined to have the same cordial reception in this country as it has already had in America.

A simple-hearted man, with a passion for cricket and a loathing for social entertainments, which he does his best to avoid, is the hero of Mr. A. William Ellis' "One Happy Man" (Hurst and Blackett, 7/6). This hero is blessed with a daughter who understands him and cursed with a wife and son who interfere with his peace and happiness; and out of this ménage and the complications which ensue from the hero's efforts to live his own life Mr. Ellis builds up a delightfully humorous tale.

## A Cotton Killer

"The Red Demon," by A. J. Wright, is an American novel published by Messrs Putnam (7/6). The Red Demon is an insect that destroys growing cotton. It is let loose upon the cotton fields of Egypt and America with the idea of reducing the over-production of this crop, with the result that the cotton prices soar, and with them the prices of other staple commodities.

At the same time the formula for making synthetic gold is given to the world so that the Gold Standard is smashed for ever, with the consequence that the universal trade depression becomes a universal trade boom.

It is an odd, unusual story written by an important business man who has been blind for years, as the

publisher's note tells us. But it makes excellent reading and holds the interest more closely than many a conventional murder story.

In "The Promised Land" (Cranley and Day 7/6), Marvin Sutton gives us a worthy sequel to "Children of Ruth," a first book that was acclaimed by most of the critics. In this new book we have a poignant story of the hero's struggle to find work after leaving the Army and of the series of hardships endured in that search. The scene is London and the seamy side of it, wherein crooks and down-and-outs play their part. The book ends happily with the reunion of the two rustic lovers and their return to the country.

## Translations from the French

English readers will welcome the excellent translation by Mary Russell of the late René Bazin's novel dealing with the old weaving community of Roubaix and Tourcoing, "The King of the Archers" (Burnes Oates 6/-). The title owes its origin to the local archery competition. The plot centres in the ambition of a fine old weaver to increase his prestige by winning the competition three times in succession and thereby becoming "Emperor." This ambition is thwarted by the scandal caused by his daughter's desertion of her husband and child for an unknown lover. The winning of her father's forgiveness by the daughter is the climax to a moving story full of pathos.

Another translation from the French is "News from Havre" (translated by Miss Beatrice de Holthoier, Dent 7/6), the author in this case being Georges Duhamel, winner of the Grand Prix de l'Académie Française in 1930 and the Prix Goncourt. Here, too, the translator has done her work well, capturing much of the delicate artistry of the original French. It is an arresting story. The drama of long drawn out suspense over a legacy—"The News from Havre"—gives point both to the exquisite character of the patient wife and loving mother and to the eccentricities of her ambitious but difficult husband.

A remarkably clear picture of France under the Second Empire and in the days of the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune is presented by Mr. Herbert Gorman in "Jonathan Bishop" (Cassell 7/6). Both on this account and for its clever characterisation this book is to be warmly recommended.

## A New Zealand Writer

Miss Nellie Scanlon, in addition to being an accomplished journalist, has already won for herself considerable fame, both in this country and in New Zealand, as a novelist. Her latest book "Winds of Heaven" (Jarrolds 7/6), is the conclusion of a trilogy. The first two books "Pencarron" and "Tides of Youth" have already gone through many editions, a tribute to her hold over her reading public. Her present book is the tale of a complete reversal of fortune for one branch of the Pencarron family, resulting in the rediscovery of the sterling qualities of the original stock. An easy-flowing colourful style, a lively sense of humour and a keen appreciation of the finer points of character combine to enhance the interest of a story brimful of incident.

The consequences of two young women's incursion into a Wessex Village, over whose destinies the chalk figure of a woman on the downs is felt to exercise a baneful influence, form the subject of A. M. Barnicot's "The Shadow of the Woman" (Grayson 7/6). It is a tale of superstition, passion, religion and tragedy, relieved here and there by a few light touches of comedy. To the improbabilities of the story the author manages to im-



# All Tastes

part a sense of realism that should satisfy the most critical reader.

\* \* \*

Mr. Lewis Gibbs makes his hero in "Parable for Lovers" (Dent 7/6), receive a blow on the head to cure him of his devotion to a lady who rejects his advances and to turn his affections into another channel. Incidentally the same blow provides the author with an opportunity, of which he makes excellent use, for resurrecting mythical Greece, with Diana and her nymphs disporting themselves for our edification. This fascinating tale ends happily with the hero recognising in the nymph of his dream the lady he really loves.

\* \* \*

The Channel Islands form the background for a first essay in novel writing by Miss Elizabeth Goudge "Island Magic" (Duckworth 7/6). It is a delightful book, despite a few slight blemishes to be expected in a first novel. As the authoress has undoubted talent these minor defects will probably disappear as she gains experience in technique. As it is, she has written a book of great charm.

## Sleuths

By Richard Keverne

QUITE early in the story I thought I had guessed the solution of the mystery of "Fool's Gold" by S. Hart Page (Stanley Paul, 7/6) but later on the idiot police detective tumbled to the same solution, and of course it was wrong. So it was left to the Sherlock Holmesian Christopher Hand to put us both right, and Mr. S. Hart Page makes him do it in a most agreeable manner.

This is an American story with a welcome variation of setting and method of presentation, and there are no gangsters in it. It kept me guessing all the way through and I think it will keep you guessing too.

\* \* \*

## Druid Horrors

There is an unusual setting also to "The Cry In The Valley" by G. K. Cowan (Herbert Jenkins 7/6) where in a remote part of Wales Druid altars and Druid rites play a part in the mystery of Gwyn Prothero's murder and what came after it. There is nothing slap-dash about this tale, which is well told and makes no preposterous demands upon the readers' intelligence.

\* \* \*

## Crime in the Theatre

"Death in the Stalls" by J. R. Wilmot (Ivor Nicholson and Watson 7/6) is a good thriller with a police inspector as the victim and a colleague who unravels a very tangled plot. The author deserves credit for the way in which he shows us the circumstances of the murder in the opening of his story.

Here is a book to provide you with a very pleasant evening's entertainment.

\* \* \*

## Jig-Saw Mystery Puzzle

To add to the mysteries of three already popular stories: "Murder of the Only Witness" by J. S. Fletcher; "The Secret of Tangles" by Leonard R. Gribble; and "The Case of the Velvet Claws" by Erle Stanley Gardner, Messrs. Harrap have republished them at 3/6 with a Jig Saw Puzzle bound with each volume. The solving of the puzzle is to help you to solve the mysteries of the stories.

\* \* \*

## Crime at its Fiercest

"The Mystery of the Red-Haired Valet" by G. Davison (Herbert Jenkins 7/6) is, I admit, a bit too fierce for me. But if you like your villains triple-dyed, with mysterious islands, amazing aeroplanes, and strange dank gases which they release to cloud their villainies, then this is your book, and you will find no lack of such excitement in it.

## More About Poland

AS the place in Europe occupied by Poland and British relations with her, especially on the commercial side, tend to become more and more important, "Poland, Past and Present," by Stefan Karski (Putnam, 7s. 6d.) is welcome. This book provides a great deal of useful information in a compact, comprehensive manner. Beginning with a brief historical sketch, it passes on to describe the Government and politics, religion and literature of the country. Next come chapters dealing with Polish economics generally and then particularly, as, for example, with the mining and other leading industries. Of special interest is an account of the Polish Army, now one of the most formidable on the Continent.

But the book is not free from faults—which perhaps can be remedied when a second edition is published. Thus, in the chapter on "The Land and the People" the name of the old capital of Poland is given as Cracow and throughout the rest of the volume as Karkow, whereas the standardised English form of the word is Cracow. The statements of fact are nearly always unexceptionable, but what can be said of the assertion that "About one-half of all the Jews in the world are to be found in Poland"?—which is the opening sentence of the section on the Jews in the chapter on Racial Minorities. There are some three million Jews in Poland, but between fifteen and sixteen millions in the world.

## Forthcoming Books

Lady Londonderry's political and social activities do not occupy all her time. Macmillans announce an essay by her on national characteristics, entitled "Character and Tradition," which may be expected to shed light on the Lossiemoth complex as a feature of the national character.

For the same publishers, she has collaborated with Mr. H. Montgomery Hyde in editing "The Russian Journals of Martha and Catherine Wilmot," the work of two Irish girls living in Russia at the time of the Napoleonic Wars. The manuscript of their journals passed into the hands of the historian Lecky, who bequeathed it to the Royal Irish Academy.

\* \* \*

## Sir Henry Dickens' Recollections

The late Sir Henry Dickens was one of those dutiful Victorian children who, by keeping a too obviously stiff upper lip in the jealous suppression of certain biographical data, enhanced the grizzliness of any skeletons in the family cupboard. His "Recollections," coming soon from Heinemann, must derive a wealth of anecdote from his long life and distinguished legal career—he was Common Serjeant from 1917 till shortly before his death—but the book will be read mainly for its light upon his father's latter years.

\* \* \*

## Lady Hester Stanhope

The immortal Fraser remarked in reviewing the first biography of Lady Hester Stanhope that, if that heroine met her biographer in the next world, she would be sure to "give the snob a terrible trouncing." Presumably Miss Joan Haslip has no fears of such an ultimate fate, for, having published two creditable novels, she is making her bow as a biographer, through Cobden Sanderson, with a life of the lady who set a practical example of feminism in the early nineteenth century.

A niece of Pitt, Lady Hester acted as his hostess, and robbed of almost regal power by his death, she sought exercise for her imperial instinct by settling on Mount Lebanon as a second Zenobia. The brilliant, colourful life of such a woman should make good reading.

## Correspondence

### What Mr. Baldwin Needs

SIR,—The Bold Brave Leader of the Conservatives is reported as saying at Worcester: "Some think that by turning the Constitution upside down to bring about the New Jerusalem."

Considering Mr. Baldwin's cowardly record of betrayal of all Conservative principles it would not be surprising if "some" did so wish.

Some millions of the Conservative rank and file would like to turn Mr. Baldwin upside down, shake out all the nasty little-England, defeatist, White-Paper internationalist ideas his tobacco-bemused numskull has been so filled to the brim with by his Liberal wife and Communist son, then turn him top-side up again and after having well scraped and disinfected the inside of his now empty cranium, fill it full of good sound patriotic notions.

He might then be able to act the part of an honest Conservative to his faithful followers and the world at large, and possibly deceive them into thinking him one.

ALEX. C. SCRIMGOUR.

Honer Farm, Chichester.

### What would Our Dead War Heroes Think?

SIR,—"Vigilant" in his letter, which appeared in your last issue, referring to Mr. Baldwin, says: "It is time he was told to clear out."

As one who for four days and nights lay out in agony in the open awaiting, fully conscious, the lingering approach of Death or his sudden arrival by means of a bursting shell, I cannot help but wonder if the Boys who made the Great Sacrifice (amongst whom I was so nearly numbered) are thinking of England and those who are allowed to govern her to-day. If their spirits are hovering over their homes, for which they suffered so much, and can see what is to be seen, what must they say of those who seem not to have profited by the stern lessons of 1914-18? What can they think of those, for whose sakes they laid down their lives, who honour those who were without honour during England's greatest trial?

Although but an insignificant and very humble subject of His Majesty the King, one without money or position, I appeal to the readers of and all who are associated with the *Saturday Review* to use unflagging and combined efforts to awaken their countrymen and countrywomen to the danger which threatens them and which no sensible effort is being made by our "unnatural" Government to avert.

LATE PRIVATE 6399.

### Amateur Athletic Championships

SIR,—I am very pleased to notice that the Amateur Athletic Association are going to put a stop to the practice of athletes entering for the various events in their Annual Championship Sports when they have no earthly chance of being in the first three in the finals, thereby necessitating the running of a lot of heats.

The qualifying entrance ought to be the present time standards for the different events, and all athletes that cannot dead-heat these standards, ought not to be allowed to enter.

There is no standard for the 100 yards, but in my opinion the qualifying time ought to be 10 2/5th seconds, but in the championships I have seen athletes beaten in 10 4/5th seconds in their heats, when the final has been won in 10 seconds, which means eight yards behind.

The winners of any of the County Championships ought not to be eligible for entrance into the Championships, unless they can show A.A.A. standard times for the various events, as sometimes the times returned are very poor. The standard times ought to be taken by real competent time-keepers.

JAMES M. K. LUPTON.

London Athletic Club.

### The Socialist Menace

SIR,—I do not wish to express either agreement or disagreement with A. A. B. on the question of whether the country is in any danger such as he portrays, but I would suggest that his proposals to anticipate such danger are not feasible.

If the King seriously disapproved of the policy of his Government he could ask them to resign or else if he could not obtain another, could insist on a dissolution. Presumably, if the country returned the Government to power, their proposals would have to be accepted for the time being at any rate.

To veto their legislation after giving them no reason to suppose they had not the confidence of the Crown, would be an arbitrary act; secondly, to veto financial measures would be as useless as it would be dangerous, because as the Commons alone can make financial measures, a veto upon them would leave the public services unprovided for.

From a legal point of view the only water-tight measures that could be adopted would be to pass a permanent Finance and Appropriation Act, and a permanent Army Act.

Needless to say this can be ruled out entirely. Threatened men live long; why not 'live dangerously'? Perhaps after all this 'Socialist menace' is not quite as real as it may seem.

P. W. LEVENS.

4, Maids' Causeway, Cambridge

[Complacency can make the "menace" real and that is one danger to guard against.—Ed.]

### Our Modern Education

SIR,—The education of the future will, in my opinion, be conducted along lines entirely dissimilar from those in use at the present time.

Our modern system may be termed the "examination method of education"; but I personally attach little blame to our schools. They unfortunately are forced by this examination curriculum to bind themselves down to a definite programme.

Education, as a means to the efficient development of the mind combined with an all-round good general knowledge based upon the requirements of the walk in life a young man or woman proposes to follow, is given over to the study of subjects which in after-life are practically useless.

Many of the subjects required in University entrance examinations are unnecessary. They are supposed to show a good all-round education; but in these busy times why should it be necessary for a young person to waste years of valuable time in learning a subject simply as a means to an end—the entrance to his University, where he will in all probability be estranged from these subjects for all time?

HENRY J. NASH.

2, Glebe House, Cross Lanes, Guildford.

### Work that Ought to be Done

SIR,—The new road tunnel under the River Mersey is now complete: it is to be officially opened by the King in July. Its construction has provided work for many thousands of work-people over the past nine years. When in full operation it will be a valuable addition to the transport facilities in the North-West of England.

Will the building of the Mersey Tunnel be followed by the building of some of the many other river tunnels which from time to time have been discussed?

A new road tunnel is more spectacular than the rebuilding of an old bridge, but in the prosaic task of rebuilding is work crying out to be done, work which sooner or later will have to be undertaken. In the past two and a half years public works like road-making and bridge-building have largely been stopped. Now that we are past the worst of the industrial depression, this leeway should be made up.

A programme of bridge-building and repairing and road-making and repairing is urgently needed. It would help industry and it would stimulate employment.

E. C. GORDON ENGLAND  
(Director, Vacuum Oil Co.)

Caxton House East, Westminster, S.W.1.

## Notes from a Musical Diary

By Herbert Hughes

IT seems that the more the succeeding generations of critics disagree as to the merits of Berlioz and Liszt, the more their reputations are devastated by the onslaughts of their detractors, the more steadily do those two vital figures of nineteenth century music stand four-square to the blasts. Conductors like Sir Thomas Beecham and Sir Hamilton Harty, given the right opportunity and the right material, never fail to make a concert audience sit all alert, thrilled to the marrow by certain orchestral pages of Berlioz.

Liszt, like Berlioz a fantastic personality of his romantic period, has suffered an even more curious semi-eclipse, partly through his own fault, partly through ours. Pianists, celebrities and duds alike, for two or three generations, have so persisted in playing a number of stock pieces that the average intelligent audience of to-day would find it hard to believe that Liszt was ever much more than a rather picturesque charlatan who somehow or other became an *abbé* in his old age.

As one of those incurable sentimentalists who have a rooted faith in the intelligence of English audiences I would strongly urge the "average" music lover, as well as those who have a more eclectic inclination, to read what Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell has to say about Liszt in a biographical study later published by Faber and Faber (15s.).

The complexity of Liszt's character, with its truly fantastic mixture of arrogance and modesty, vulgarity and fastidiousness, theatrical pride and

humility, egoism and unselfishness, generosity and dandyism, showmanship and deep religious convictions, is revealed with a fine mastery of language, yet restrained and logical and sympathetic throughout. Mr. Sitwell, while being conscientious in his procedure, perhaps shirks a little the science of criticism (supposing there really is such an exact science) as when he writes of the B Minor Sonata that:

In the hands of Busoni, or even of Horowitz, it sounds magnificent; but, in the opinion of the writer, always empty; and, unless it is played by such pianists as these, the awkwardness of the pauses and the jerky staccato sentiment render the Sonata painful and irritating to the nerves. This is a mere personal opinion; in the minds of most critics, the Sonata is either the masterpiece of Liszt and one of the finest things in the whole of the piano repertory, or it is hollow, pretentious bathos. Perhaps it is neither the one nor the other.

And leaves it like that, in the authentic manner of the dilettante. When Horowitz played it at Queen's Hall the other night it certainly sounded "magnificent," and I suspect that the alleged pretentiousness in a work so finely wrought is really to be found, per contra, in the heads of those who pretend to dislike Liszt at his best. Even if Mr. Sitwell's judgments are of a literary rather than a strictly musical kind, they are naturally well put, and if they occasionally suggest affectation that, again, is the privilege of the dilettante and can be enjoyed as such. One likes well what he has to say about the *Mephisto Walzer* and the lesser known *Thirteenth Psalm*, the *Dante* and *Faust* symphonies and so on.

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## Theatre Notes

By Russell Gregory

### Duke of York's. Happy Week-End !

By Dion Titheradge

**R**ICHARD BRANT did not spend what I should call a happy week-end, but then I have not the mercurial personality of Steve Geray, which probably makes all the difference. He was pursued by his tailor, he was always being caught in compromising situations by the woman he loved, and he was very nearly responsible for what promised to be a spectacular suicide. Added to this, he had to dance and sing and be funny all the time. But that is the way with musical comedy.

Dion Titheradge has adapted this play by an Hungarian whose name I can neither spell nor pronounce, exceedingly well, and has given two Hungarian artists plenty of scope to express themselves in the English idiom. Steve Geray takes every opportunity offered him and is obviously a very good comedian. I am not quite so sure about Magda Kun, though I do not wish to be ungallant. The honours of the evening went to Louise Browne, who can act, sing and dance with the best of them. She was closely followed—again in every sense—by David Hutcheson, Claud Allister and Arthur Chesney.

The music—not in itself outstanding—was excellently played by Percival Mackey and his band. I should dearly like to know who orchestrated it. I suspect Mr. Mackey.

### Comedy Theatre. The Private Road

By John Carlton.

It would be unfair to criticise "The Private Road" as though it were a serious contribution to British drama. It is a very pleasant piece of nonsense, and as such I thoroughly enjoyed it. I was glad that Sylvia Ashwin deliberately piled up her car on George Augustus Waynflete's grandmother's oak tree, and I was more than pleased that G. A. W. was entertaining his old professor for the week-end. It was all very simple, very amusing and, of course, quite impossible.

Edwin Styles and Dorothy Dickson blew hot and cold—both literally and in the bathroom sense—quite charmingly, and Anthony Shaw contrived successfully to look and behave like a piece of solid oak. John Tilley is even better as an actor than as a raconteur and made the Professor a very delightful old Don Juan, or Don Quixote, as the case may be. Geoffrey Gwyther "has the honour to present" this play. I hope he may derive more than mere honour from his enterprise.

### Scala Theatre.

### "Piccoli"

I am indebted to the management of the Scala Theatre for a delightful evening with Vittorio Podrecca and his Marionettes. What a marvel-

lous acrobat Bil-bal-bul is! How I should like to see the Learned Donkey grazing in my own field! And how I envy the smallest pianist in the world his brilliant technique! I shall not go to Covent Garden this year. Why should I when I can see such a satisfying performance of the Barber of Seville at the Scala? I simply refuse to believe that these small creatures are not alive or that some spell was not cast upon me as I entered the theatre. It is improbable that I shall ever go to Rome, but, if I do, my headquarters will be "Teatro dei Piccoli," Via Boezio, 8, Roma (33), to which all communications should be addressed.

### Lyceum Theatre. King of the Damned

By John Chancellor

There are all the ingredients of a good melodrama in this play. The stage swarms with convicts, brutal guards and hard-hearted officers, the Governor's daughter is there to bring romance into the life of Convict Q83, there is a slinky half-caste female, murder most foul takes place before our very eyes, and rebellion raises its grim visage and shakes its gory locks at us. Yet somehow it did not seem to come off. Perhaps I like my melodrama spread a little more thickly. I want longer moustaches for my villains, bigger gestures from my heroes, sicklier sentiment from my heroines; in short, I want everything to be much larger than life and ten times as improbable. True, it all went with a swing, but these rheumy old eyes seemed to have seen it all before somewhere.

Percy Parsons gives the best performance as a comic nigger who does not boggle at murder, and Giles Isham, George Belmore, Iris Darbyshire and Marjorie Mars are all extremely competent. But I prefer a little less splash with my whisky.

### Ariel.

### The Scala Theatre

By Grace Carlton.

Shelley's life in Italy from March until his death in July 1822 is the theme of this somewhat slight play. True we are introduced to Lord Byron, to Ned and Jane Williams, to Anne Brown, to Leigh Hunt and his wife Marianne, to say nothing of their six children that "make a litter" (these latter by constant reference only); true, yacht Ariel plays no small part in the conversations and discussions of the principal characters. But I felt I was merely being told once again facts that I already knew. The characters were sketched in—the full portraits I was able to fill in from my previous readings.

The cast did their best with inadequate material. John Gatrell and Judith Gick even managed to make me believe they were Shelley and Mary Shelley respectively for an odd moment or two, but the honours of the afternoon must go to Evelyn Neilson, whose portrayal of Anne Brown—that "impertinent" young worshipper at the feet of the poet—was of itself worth the price of a ticket in support of the Southwark Housing Association, for whose benefit the performance was given.

# A Great Film of Adventure

By Mark Forrest

**N**EARLY fourteen months after the historic flight over Everest, the film of the enterprise has been assembled and can be seen at the Curzon. A year is a long time, and public memory notoriously short, so it will not be amiss to recall the circumstances which led to the undertaking of this great adventure.

Lady Houston has always been air-minded, and it is as well for the present generation of airmen that she is, for she has made it her aim to keep Great Britain in the forefront of aviation where other responsible persons have failed to appreciate the value which the rest of the world would attach to British achievements in this sphere. To her far-sighted generosity and patriotism the nation owed its great triumph in the Schneider Cup, for without her help we should not have been able to enter a team, and it is similarly beholden to her for her aid in financing the expedition whose object was to conquer the highest mountain in the world.

Lady Houston is seen at the beginning of the film at Kinrara, her place in Scotland, where she agrees to finance the expedition for Lord Clydesdale and his fellow workers in order that their triumph may instil into Indian people a wholesome respect for the British. From this point we are taken to the workshops of the manufacturers, where the assembly of the giant machines is shown. There is much excellent photography here, and the cinematic possibilities have been well realised.

## Object of the Flight

The Houston Mount Everest expedition left London on the 11th February last year and, having arrived in India, proceeded to fly to their base at Purnea via Karachi and Jodhpur, but, once at Purnea, everything did not go immediately according to plan and they were held up a fortnight by bad weather. Eventually on the 3rd April the dawn broke fair, and the great flight began, with Lord Clydesdale leading the two 'planes on their perilous journey.

The sequence which then follows actually represents the results of three separate ventures, two of which were led by Lord Clydesdale and a third, which had for its objective Kanchenjunga, by Air-Commodore Fellowes, who acted as leader of the whole expedition. Besides these two men, there were Flying-Officer D. McIntyre, who flew the second 'plane; Mr. Bonnett, the camera man; Mr. Blacker, who acted as observer for Lord Clydesdale; Colonel Etherton, the secretary, and finally Flying-Officer R. Ellison, who was reserve pilot.

The commentary which accompanies the picture lays no great stress on the dangers attendant upon a mishap under the rigorous conditions of the flight, and almost too casually we are informed of the grim results of failure. No one will cavil at

the modesty shown after success, but it is difficult for the ordinary man to appreciate the hazards properly when his attention is not specifically called to them. With the exception of this omission, however, it is admirably clear and concise.

The work of Mr. Bonnett is very fine, indeed, and it must have been a bitter disappointment to him not to have been able to get a "shot" directly over Mount Everest itself. This was the result of an unfortunate accident, for, just as the second 'plane, piloted by Mr. McIntyre, was preparing to fly over the actual summit, Mr. Bonnett stepped on his oxygen lead and, breaking it, caused the pilot to run for home. Nevertheless there is much here to compensate anyone for the loss of that actual "shot."

I anticipate record crowds at the Curzon to see this epic film.

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OVER  
EVEREST**

An Epic Flight

Cert. U

■  
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in

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**'LIEBES KOMMANDO'** (U)

# The Debt Decision

## Cheering Effect on Stock Markets

[By Our City Editor]

The British Government's decision not to pay any War Debt instalment to U.S.A. pending an agreement for revision had quite a cheering effect upon Stock Markets which had become depressed by the omnipresence of international, political, and financial trouble and particularly by the German outlook. True, the latter gives little cause for satisfaction but it is certainly not unexpected and conditions at home continue satisfactory even if there is no improvement in international trade. For the moment we can hardly look for any fireworks from America; rather is it likely that the dollar, after being the victim of political juggling, will settle down to steady appreciation. Francs, also, have become dearer as the confidence of the French in their Government has returned.

The effect has been the weakness of the sterling exchange both against dollars and francs and this weakness is inevitable in the long run, for dollars are undervalued against sterling and any ultimate stabilisation at around \$5 to the £ will only lead to trouble later on when America's huge favourable trade balance comes home to roost. Meanwhile, the price of gold continues to rise and nears the £7 per ounce mark once again, so that holders of gold-mining shares must feel that their security is as gilt-edged as any other in these troublous times. But holders of Home Railway and Industrial securities should not be unduly worried by the temporary set-back. Many of these stocks have yet to prove themselves worth the higher prices, but they will do so if Britain looks after her own.

### Modder B. Gold

Amidst the uncertainty existing in almost every section of the Stock Markets the strength of gold-mining shares persists and as investments South Africans look most attractive now that the worst is known with regard to the Union Government's taxation proposals.

The excess profits tax is certainly a large item, but the shares still give yields in the region of 8 per cent. before amortisation is allowed for. At the meeting of Modderfontein B. Gold Mines last month the Chairman stated that working profit for 1933 exceeded that of the previous year by £245,548, while taxation absorbed £223,343 more in 1933 than in 1932, Modder B. paying rather more than a half of its working profit in taxes. The tonnage milled was a record for the seventh con-

secutive year and though owing to the treatment of lower grade ore the yield was nearly 20 per cent. below that of 1932, working expenditure was substantially lower and the profit increased by 62 per cent. The actual amount involved in Excess Profits Duty was £182,244 and the dividends of 50 per cent. the same as for 1932, absorbed £350,000, the higher price for gold enabling the dividend to be easily maintained despite the large taxation item.

As gold has risen to over 138s. per ounce, well above the average for 1933, prospects for the big South African producers must be regarded as bright. Modder B. shares stand at about 24s., the nominal value being 5s., so that the yield is over 10 per cent gross on the basis of the dividends for the past two years.

It is small wonder that many of the investment trusts are buying South African gold mines for the June dividends in order to improve their revenue position for the time being.

### Australian Land Shares

The payment of a year's arrears of dividend on the 6½ per cent. cumulative preference shares by the Australian Estates and Mortgage Company draws attention to the improvement in the position of the pastoral companies of the Commonwealth consequent upon the recovery in wool prices in 1933. The Australian Estates and Mortgage paid good ordinary dividends up to 1928 but the decline in the prices realised for wool was so severe as to necessitate the passing of the preference dividend in 1930. The decision to commence the clearance of the preference arrears brings the ordinary stock into prominence at about 50, for the resumption of ordinary dividends is only a question of time. Australian Mercantile, Land, and Finance ordinary also appear promising, for the company paid 2 per cent. tax-free last year and there is every prospect of a higher payment for the current year. There are two classes of shares, the £5 fully-paid standing at just over par, while the £25 shares, £5 paid, stand at under £4, giving quite a promising return.

Australian Pastoral ordinary stock at just over par gives a gross return of about 3½ per cent. on the basis of last year's payment, but here again there is a very good chance of an increased dividend for the current year, and as normal conditions return to the wool industry capital appreciation in

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the pastoral companies' stocks is bound to follow. Dalgety and Co. £20 ordinary shares, £5 paid, return over 4 per cent. gross at their present price of 7½ and appear one of the most attractive shares in the list, for these big wool merchants have an excellent record. The interim dividend last month was unchanged from a year ago at 2½ per cent., but the final payment is likely to bring the yield on the present price to over 5 per cent., a fine return when present chances of capital appreciation are taken into account. The group has lost attention in the Stock Markets of late owing to the speculative activity elsewhere and investors should not miss the chance to buy.

#### Ever Ready Progress

The Ever Ready Company (Great Britain), Ltd., has managed to maintain its progressive policy through good times and bad times. Profits last year showed an increase of £50,000 at £392,362, over 50 per cent. being earned on the ordinary shares, which received dividends of 35 per cent., as for some years past. At the meeting last week, proposals were approved for the increase of the capital to £1,500,000 by the creation of 2,000,000 ordinary shares of 5s. each in order to acquire the businesses of Grosvenor Electric Batteries and Vince's Dry Batteries. The Chairman mentioned at the meeting that sales in the two months, April and May, had been more than maintained in comparison with a year ago. At their present price the shares of the Ever Ready Company give a yield of about 6 per cent., a good return in view of the company's record.

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#### COMPANY MEETING

#### EVER READY COMPANY (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD.

The ordinary general meeting of the Ever Ready Company (Great Britain) Ltd., was held on May 31 last at Hercules-place, Holloway, London, N.7.

Mr. Magnus Goodfellow (the chairman and managing director), who presided, said:

Sales during the year increased 10 per cent. in volume and only 1 per cent. in value. The increase in volume was fully up to the expectation of increase referred to by me at our meeting a year ago, but severe competition has resulted in a fall in the value of the sales, with the result that the increase expressed in pounds sterling was only 1 per cent. over the sales of the previous year.

During the past year, and at this present time, a considerable quantity of battery goods were and are being sold at unremunerative prices, and had we not succeeded in effecting great improvements and extensions in our manufacturing processes during the past ten years—which have resulted in considerable savings in costs of production during the year under review—I should not be meeting you to-day with such an excellent report of the year's working.

We are in a position to know that a number of small competitors not only failed to achieve a profit on the business done by them during the past year, but in several cases actually sustained losses of varying amounts. Such a condition of affairs cannot be beneficial to the battery and wireless industries, and it is in these circumstances, and with a view to improving the position generally, that we have made offers to the shareholders of two companies, as outlined in my letter to you of 9th May last. We shall be able to effect considerable savings in the costs of production of the two businesses, and also in sale and overhead charges, and these benefits will accrue almost at once.

Subsidiary Companies—Share capital: Loans and current balances including a transfer from trade investments of £205,607, have risen from £681,000 to £1,242,000. The large increase includes the transfer and is due to the acquisition of additional shares in Lissen, Ltd., already reported to you. Reorganisation work is actively in progress, and I will not say more to-day than that we hope for good results. A number of our new ventures, which I will not refer to in detail, are showing promising signs of contributing profitably to the business of the company.

Trade investments (at cost) are nearly £200,000 less than a year ago. This is accounted for by the transfer to subsidiary companies of the original holding in Lissen, Ltd., to which I have already referred.

The Ever Ready Trust Company, Ltd., investment is now £46,000, instead of £96,000 a year ago, due to the repayment of capital, of which you are all aware.

Stock-in-trade is some £33,000 higher than a year ago. This stock is well bought, and our arrangements for raw materials during the coming year are such that, in the event of the rise in commodity values, so much talked of, taking place, the effect upon our costs of production should be negligible.

Sundry debtors and debit balances are some £80,000 higher than a year ago, a normal increase.

Cash, with amounts due from shareholders, is some £16,000 lower at £162,000.

As you will have observed from the profit and loss statement, the surplus of profit for the year, after providing for the final dividend, exceeded £100,000, and practically the whole of this surplus has been carried to the credit of the dividend equalisation reserve, raising it to £200,000.

You will be glad to know that our sales for the two months April and May have been more than maintained in comparison with a year ago.

The report and accounts, and resolutions providing for the increase of capital to £1,500,000 and increase in the number of directors were passed unanimously.

## Broadcasting Notes

By ALAN HOWLAND

I SUPPOSE it is only natural that all institutions should become extremely satisfied with themselves. They demand one's attention and importune one's alms. That is why there are so many flag days. Every time I walk down the Strand I am asked to purchase some emblem in order that I may convince the world that I am supporting home lethargies. If I succumb to the blandishments of the licensed syrens who undertake this charitable work my breast would be so chock full of emblems, forget-me-nots, dandelions and what-nots, that I should not have room enough for an order even if it were offered me.

### The Lordly Beggar

The B.B.C. does not tout for alms, it receives them as a right, and with the usual intolerance of the poor relation it proceeds to bully its benefactors. If I am foolish enough to buy a pleasing counterfeit of an *oenothera taraxifolia* to place in my buttonhole I can walk from one end of London to the other without inconvenience. If on the other hand I spend ten shillings on a wireless licence which is too cumbersome to wear in my buttonhole, I run the risk of being bullied and cudgelled into doing a whole lot of things I have no wish to do, or prevented from fulfilling most of my not too unhealthy desires.

To be more explicit, I wish to have tea at 5 o'clock (and incidentally "o'clock" is the operative phrase) but the B.B.C. jockeys me into having it at seventeen hours, or seventeen Oh! Oh!, or whatever the announcer chooses to call it. If I insist, as I and some thousands of others have done, that five o'clock tea is five o'clock tea

and not seventeen hours tea, the B.B.C. screams at me through its self-opinionated microphone and calls me a boob and a nincompoop. At the same time it makes a lordly gesture, as who should patronise an imbecile, and consents to *print* the figures which I understand, though it would not allow them to pass its announcers' lips. In other words, as far as the B.B.C. is concerned, it is six of one and eighteen of the other.

Again, if my father is dying and would like to see his other children before it is too late, the B.B.C. will only consent to enquire about their present whereabouts by means of an S.O.S. message after it is quite satisfied that I am really my father's son, that my father is really dying, that I actually have some brothers, that my father wants to see them, and that I have phoned every police station in the metropolis to find out where they are—if they exist at all. By the time I have done all this my father has, of course, passed on to a world where broadcasting will not worry him much one way or the other.

### That Superior Attitude

I know this may seem bitter, but it is the actual experience of an acquaintance of mine during the last few days. One would have thought that the B.B.C. was in the position of an employer *vis-a-vis* the listener.

And there is the only crumb of comfort which we listeners get. I stand up more stiffly when I remind myself that, but for me and the likes of me, there would be no Broadcasting House and no big-salaried officials. They are my servants, and I am not theirs.

I see that a good deal of what I have said depends on that useful word "if," but as a greater than I has said, "Your 'if' is your only peace-maker; much virtue in 'if.'"

## The Saturday Review

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